

LOVES
Missives
TO
VIRTUE.
WITH
ESSAIES.

BY
ROBERT BEAUMONT.

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To the *READER*.

THE Poet being
to traverse the
Stage of the
World, ushers
Himself in with a Play,
and this Play with a Pro-
logue, which thus he begins:

Poeta cum primum animum ad scribendum appulit,
Id sibi negoti credidit solum dari,
Populo ut placerent, quas fecisset fabulas.

Terent.

And I, coming from my
A more

To the Reader.

*more retired and solitary
Life, thought good to salute
the World with Letters;
and have made use of This
to usher in the Rest: It
being most proper that a
Servant should wait upon
his Master, and a Maiden
her Mistresse; that Each
should attend their Sexe.
Why then should that that
is allow'd to all Books,
(viz. an Epistle to the
Reader) be thought Su-
perfluous to This; when
as all the other Letters be-
sides*

To the Reader:

*sides are none of Mine,
They are (properly) Others
Experiences; This only is
Mine, that tells you so.
The Several Discourses of
other Persons, proceeding
from their as various E-
vents, brought Matter: I
only Form'd this Matter
into Letters. Letters are
the Engines of Love; and
these were only prepared
for an Assault, but never
us'd, and so I cannot ensure
the READER any Virtue in
them. Indeed Epistles, espe-*

To the Reader.

cially of this Nature, are
very pleasant Diversions.
Neither have These, in the
least, cogened my Intention;
for as they were Pen'd
to please my Self, so they
have: And, as they are
now Printed to gratifie O-
thers, so (I hope) they
will. It was Opportunity
of Time that occasioned
their Conception, and Im-
portunity of Friends that
gave them their Delivery.
Had I adventur'd to per-
sonate as many Humors as
some

To the Reader.

some Skilfull Hand haib
drawn Pictures, I might by
my often Treading the
Stage, have become ere this
a better Actor: Look there-
fore (Reader) on these, as
a first and ruder Draught,
they bring onely the Ex-
periments of the Pencil.
Indeed, every Epistolist
hath this privilege above
others, that he may perso-
nate any Humour, and yet
not patronize it. I may
write of the Indifferency of
one Lover, and the Incon-

To the Reader.

stancy another, and yet be
neither Subject nor Predi-
cate. I may state either of
these Cases, and yet plead
for neither. While other
Authors are bound to wait
upon the Event to give its
Relation, I may anticipate
any by a Supposition, and
so provide aforehand either
for the goodness or badness
of the Event, by an An-
swer suitable to Both. And
now (Ladies) if some of
these Letters prove hetero-
geneous to the rest; Know,
that

To the Reader.

that they were partly writ, lest the World should take me for an Idolater. I were very unworthy, should I merely upon Report (for that is all the Knowledge I have) censure your whole Sex. But (Ladies) I know You your selves will not plead for All; and Those are they only that I condemn. And that You may see I am not your Enemy, I envite you, I wish, I could say, to a Banquet: For LETTERS should be like a wel-

To the Reader

well-furnished Table, where
every Guest may eat of
what Dish he pleases. And
if any of Mine shall have
the Happiness to please,
You are very welcome both
to Them and

Your Friend

and Servant

ROBERT BEAUMONT.

Love



Love's Missives to Virtue.

Madam,

TO say that you are only *Lovely*,
 were to eclipse the Sun in its
 full glory, when as you are the
 Makers Masterpiece for Beauty;
 and to say that *I only love you*, were in
 effect to say nothing; for if in these
 Friendship the least degree thereof car-
 ries in it a reason for the like return,
 then much more may the height of your
 Beauty call for the height of my Affe-
 ction. Your Beauty (*Madam*) is the
 Leadstone, with which my Heart hath
 been so sensibly touch'd, that it shall ever
 stand right to your Service, and it shall
 not come within the Sphere of Fortune
 to make it liable to the least variation.
 But as yet (*Madam*) I am but upon
 B the

the dark side of the Clond, in comparison of your far more splendid and diviner part, *your Soul*. A Soul adorn'd with all the perfections of Grace and Nature. A Soul, each Faculty whereof is married to its proper Virtue. While this Lady may be commended for Piety, another for Prudence, and a third for Patience; You may be truly commended for all these; nay more, for all the Graces. You are a *Possie* made up of all these several Flowers. If the Virtues were lost (as truly, *Madam*, they were never nearer losing than now) yet might they readily be recover'd in you, their *Con-servatrix*. What shall I say? Save only in you, such a Soul in such a Body never met. Now, *Madam*, you being so rare a *Mistress*, pardon me, I beseech you, that I am so ambitious to be your *Servant*. What know I but by your Example I may become a Follower of your Virtues; and by Enjoyment of you, be transform'd into your Image. And whether you can admit me into this your Service, deliberate: your Servant (*Madam*) will wait your pleasure. I have read of two Hills, almost a mile distant

distant at the Bottome, yet at the Top
 so conjoyn'd that two may shake hands
 without fear of falling. Seeing (*Madam*)
 that you are got up to the top of the
 one in Beauty, and I of the other in
 Affection, let us forget those things
 that are below, those personal differen-
 ces of Fortune and Desert, and let us
 joyn hands; and let the bond be Matri-
 mony, then which no happiness under
 Heaven can be more acceptable to

(*Madam*)

Your Servant.

Madam,

FOR a New-years Gift, I with this
 give you my self: the same person
 still, only the Giving is *de novo*, as a
 demonstration of my continued Affe-
 ction; and upon this Day (*Madam*)
 to ensure you of my Service for the
 Year ensuing. For though my Love to
 you be so Great, that it can admit of
 no Addition; and so Constant, that it
 can accept of no Alteration; yet give
 me leave (*now*) to tell you so: for though

you would not believe me the last year,
 yet perhaps you may believe me this;
 none knowing what a Day may pro-
 duce, much less a Year, this bearing
 far the bigger belly. The *Arabians* at the
 first appearance of every New Moon, kiss
 their hands by way of Adoration. And I
 know not how to entertain this New year
 better, then by begging this favour
 (*Madam*) to kiss your hand. But a
 kiss of those lips, oh what would it
 do! or rather what would it not do?
 It would certainly melt me into Affe-
 ction. In giving you my Self (*Madam*)
 I give you all; for what *I am* is essen-
 tial to me, what *I can* is inherent in
 me, and what *I have* is a consequent
 of me. As *I am* I love you; in what
I can I'll please you, with what *I have*
 I'll serve you: While I am, I am yours;
 wherever I am, I am still yours; and
 in what condition soever I am in, I am
 unalterably yours: Yours, not by desert,
 (I disclaim Merits) but by gift; but
 Gifts are only as they are accepted. 'Twas
 but just before that I gave you all; now,
Madam, let me beg my desire back again,
 but only, if it were possible, to give you
 more:

more: And all this (*Madam*) to deserve your Affection. Let therefore the Gift be esteemed for the Giver, and the Giver be accepted for the Gift, seeing that both Gift and Giver are one, and that one

(*Madam*)

Your Servant.

Madam,

Letters are the Interpreters, this the genuine offspring of my mind. A Letter wrought off the Form of a well composed Mind, and carrying in it an equal proportion of reality, as well in Expression as Intention. In the one (*Madam*) you may read the other, and in both my Affection. Admitting you to be, what you truly are, the Soul of my Soul, then may not this Letter be unjustly call'd the Looking-glass thereof, in which you may see every Faculty at your devotion. My Understanding ambitious to understand your welfare, and your pleasure; a Will at the disposal of yours, and ready to strike sail to your Commands;

mands; a Memory free for no Thoughts under heaven but those of you, which shall not *lodge* but *dwell* there, untill you (which I hope never will) force both me and them to seek for another Service. My Fear, for the present, it is the Ballast of my Affection, until you shall be pleased to turn that into Faith, and Faith into a full Assurance. I would say something for my Heart, only you have that already; and in this Letter you have my Mind too: a Mind so fix'd on the *Basis* of true Love, that neither the height of Prosperity, nor the depth of Adversity, nor length of Time can alter it, but your Self: a Mind fully possess'd with the Contemplation of your Excellencies, and my happiness in the Enjoyment of you, the Acquirer of them: A Mind *big* with those *Conceptions* of Love, Honour and Respect, which your personal Deserts did first *beget* in your unworthy Servant, who here this had assum'd the boldness to wait upon you, had not some occasions interven'd, but will, in the *interim*, let this Letter, the Solicitor of my Love, be admitted to put in a *Motion*, not for a *Demurrer*, but
only

only for a *Day of Hearing*. This Letter, the Ambassador of my Love; I have ordered (with your leave) to *lie lieger*, to testifie my continued Affection; in which, if there shall be any default, let it witness against him, who is, or would be

(Madam)

Your Servant.

Madam,

Letters and Love are *Twins* in Nature; only Love is the *first-born*, and (like *Hippocrates Twins*) they commonly live and die together. But why do I call them *Twins*? when the one is the Cause, and the other the Effect, Love as naturally producing Letters, as the Fire doth Heat: And herein the old Poet shall bear me witness;

Scribere jussit amor:

In English thus:

*Who can's indite,
Se Love bids Write!*

B 4

Letters

Letters are the language of Lovers, which they speak at a distance : Letters are the Agents for Love ; and the Commission that this hath , is to let you know , that mine is at your service : Letters are the Midwives to the Mind , to deliver it of those thoughts and cares , which , through absence of the party beloved , do usually oppress it . But while I discourse of Letters , you may easily imagine what's the Intent of this : And truly (*Madam*) its only errand is to tell you , what , I hope , you believe , that really I love you , and in this sense , you only . Love is like a Landscape ; at a distance there appear Mountains and Hills , but if you draw near , they are all level . Though the many difficulties of Love may appear to me at this distance to be like Mountains and Hills ; yet at last I hope by the union of our Affections they will all vanish and dis-appear . And truly (*Madam*) there is no other distance on my part at this time but that of place ; for though I am at — yet I Live at — My Heart , the seat of Life , you have already , and my Soul , for the Affectionate part thereof , I breath'd out at my last parting , reserving

ving onely as much as will hold me on
in fighting till I see you again. This Letter
 it is the Representative of my Mind,
 where all the Faculties of my Soul met
 for Consultation: and the Debate was
 about a married, and a single life. I know
 which Condition, for some times past,
 would have carried away the Vote of the
 major part; But since I had the Happiness
 to know you, my Reason brought in un-
 deniable Arguments for a married Con-
 dition. My Love made the motion for
 You, my Desire seconded it, and utter-
 ly cryed down the Nomination of any
 other: my Judgement approved it, my
 Memory recorded it, for my Fear, I would
 not call that to Councel, being very wil-
 ling that a Perfect Love should eject it:
 onely I bespoke my Hope for this, that
 you would Love me again: And now
 (*Madam*) you being the *Queen Regent*
 of my Affections, this Vote may soon
 pass into an Act, If you please but to
 afford your glorious Assent, which he
 humbly prays, who would be

(*Madam*)

Your Servant,

Ma-

Madam,

That *I am*, may be *Newes*; but that *I am yours*, can be none; Your many incomparable Deserts, and my unalterable Vowes do equally oblige me to Constancy. Indeed (*Madam*) I could not be my own, were I not Yours; for the least Default in my Service to You, would Argue in Me the greatest defect of Reason. I may sooner cease to *Live*, then either not to *Love*, or *Love* another. So long as I have any *Affection*, it will be for You: and so long as my Mind can conceive but three Thoughts, You (*Madam*) shall have one. What *I have*, I hold of You as in *Capite*, and for my *Life*, I am sure for the Happiness thereof, I hold it of your Service. Indeed (*Madam*) *Knights Service* is long since antiquated, and now *Lady Service* is all the *Mode*. Allow me (I beseech you) but any place wherein I may serve you, and I shall study to deserve Preferment. I dare not (*Madam*) I dare not pretend to any Merit, but what You will be pleased to allow Me; onely let me beg this Favour to be *matriculated*,
that

that so I may be accounted, what really
I am,

(*Madam*)

Your Servant.

Madam,

Letters and Love, *alias* Love-letters, will creep where Words cannot go: but a Letter to You, to whom I was never yet deny'd a *Liberty of speech*, seems absurd: But pardon (I beseech you) (*Madam*) the *Mode*, seeing *Writing* was partly invented to supply the defect of Language. I was not born dumb, but through a continued increase of Modesty, I am almost grown so. But *Love* will break out, if not at the *Lips*, yet at the *Fingers-ends*, and seeing mere Modesty is the Cause, I hope yours will excuse this Letter; and seeing *Love* is the end, yours, I hope will perfect it. This Letter is the Picture of my Mind, and represents a double *Portraiture*; You, if You please, as my Mistress, Me as your Servant. Would there were between the Attractive *Landstone* of *Love*, that we

two

two might meet in a happy Conjunction. My Mind it is an *Academie*, and I have constituted you, if you please to accept of it, the *Moderatrix* thereof; in which there arose a sharp Dispute, occasioned through your Deserts, and my Desires. The former struck me dumb, the latter loos'd my Tongue: the one did silence, the other quicken my Desire. At last it was resolved upon this *Question*, Whether you could admit me into the *Honorable Order* of being your Servant, it being my highest Ambition, and greatest (here) accounted Happiness, to serve you in *Love* and *Affection*. If this Letter shall untie the first and difficult Question of Love, I am satisfied; it being onely intended to make way for a further Discourse. And now (*Madam*) I having shew'd my *Credentials*, I shall waite upon You for *Audience*. In the *Interim*, let me profer this Letter to be your *Remembrancer*. I protest I need none for You, my Mind being full of those Thoughts; and how I may fairly obtain the *Honour* to be

(*Madam*)

Your Servant,

Ma-

Madam,

AS Love is the highest of *Graces*, so are you the highest of *Perfections*. What though *Perfection* be the high *Altar*, yet still Love may pass for another in *Venus Temple*. I must ('tis confess) allow you the Distance by Number of *Graces*, and your Height by the Degrees of them. But Love will assimilate. As you are *Perfection* in the *Abstract*, so is that perfect in the *Concrete*, and at your *Devotion*. *Perfection* hath all the *Graces*, (those *Ladies of Honour*) to waite upon Her. But my *naked Love* hath onely her two Daughters, *Reallitie* and *Constancy*, to attend Her. But as *Perfection* is the *Crown*, so the rarest *Jewel* in that *Crown* is Love. And (*Madam*) I assure you, that there is no *Diamond* more free from speck, then my Love from any sinister Intention. My Love, though it be but a single *Grace*, yet shall contend with any in its Kind. And though it be no point of *Wisdom*e to venture it upon your Band of *Perfections*; yet I Will. For however it may come off *vulneratus*; yet, I am sure, it can never *victus*. *Madam,*

it's

It's confest, that you are the *weaker sex* but yet have the strongest *Passions*. Pray let your *Love* and mine try one single *Encounter*. If yours take mine *Captive*, it will argue its *Strength*; and if mine endures this *Captivity*, it will argue its *Constancy*. But seeing both our *Friends* are in this our *Enemies*, why should we not joyn *Loves*, seeing *Love united grows the Stronger*. Love commonly gets the *Victory* by *Enduring*, and mine, like the *Palm tree*, though you depress it in *Denial*, yet still rises higher in *Desire*. Lovers are *Bats*, each wounding other with *Darts of Love*. Would to God that we were both equally wounded, that either we might *Live* or *die* together: Love it is every ones *vade mecum*; but though it goes out, yet sometimes it doth not return home with us; for it is by *Enterchange* that Love comes to *Perfection*. Now (*Madam*) the highest of my *Ambition* is to wish; That my Love might be an *Handmaid* to attend your *Virtues*, and my self a *Servant* to waite your *Commands*. For as my Love may be increas'd by the *Contemplation* of the one, so by *Performance* of the other,

I may yet have hopes, that you will allow
Me, what I do so earnestly desire, to be,

(*Madam*)

Your Servant.

Madam,

I Have a long time *travail'd* of a Desire:
a Desire first *Conceived* by your Deserts,
then *quickned* by your *Improvement* of
them, and at last *delivered* by your Fa-
vour. This my Desire and your Desert,
like two Trees planted in a like fruitful
Soyle, have grown up to an equal Pro-
portion. And now (*Madam*) if I were
to have but the Grant of one Desire in
this Life, it should be that I were the
richest, the fairest, and the most accomplished
person in the World, merely to obtain
your Favour. But as *I am*, I am at your
Service. As *I am*, so I beseech you to
to *believe* Me. As *I am*, so I beseech you
to *accept* Me. But (*Madam*) lest you
should think my Desire hath no Friends,
behold my Love, to *testifie* its Truth,
and my Self to make good the Truth of
both. My Love first gave a *being* to my
Desire;

Desire; and my Desire, by way of Gratitude, gave Continuance to my Love. A Love (*Madam*) beyond the Love of Women, for it is of You only in the whole World. A Love so *loyal*, that it hath been in no Service but yours, and in that it is resolv'd either to Live or die. A Love but new-born, and as yet not cloathed with Deceits. It is my *first Love*, I beseech you (*Madam*) make it not my *last* by your Denial: A Love no way spotted with Community. It is yet so pure, that it can vow Virginity. A Love but newly enter'd into the Temple *Pantheon*, and never prostrated its self to any Lady but your self. Now (*Madam*) if you can accept of this Love, and me the Lover, I am

(*Madam*)

Your Servant.

Madam,

IN writing Books, it is confess, there is no end; and by the multitude of my Letters you may justly fear, that in writing Letters also there is no end. Indeed Letters

Letters are the products of Occasion;
 this, of the most *productive* Occasion,
 Love: of all the Passions none more
 fruitful in Letters then this: and if my
 Letters prove *infinite*, it is because my
 Love is so. And now, if the *Prologue*
 shall spoyl the *Epilogue*, and the telling
 of you what I still am, prevail so far as
 to *forbid the Dames*, that this Desire, and
 the Grant thereof shall never come to-
 gether; yet I have this advantage, that
 if I am deny'd, I am deny'd by a *Prayer*.
 And indeed, your not granting of me
 yesterdayes Favour makes my Mind thus
 run upon Denials. But away with the
 word, *Denial*; especially now I am a
 going to make my *motion*, lest by the
 too near *Conjunction* of the one to the
 other, I seem to prophesie the Event;
 A *Motion* wing'd with Love, but clogd
 with Fear: A motion that hath been so
 long *in labour*, that I begin to fear your
 patience will not hold out till its *de-*
livery: therefore, *excuse*, and it is (*Madam*)
 what you please and therein you will
 also please

Your Servant,

C

Ma-

Madam,

I Love you. Considering the *Amiability* of your *Person*, how can I do less? and withal the *Goodness* of your *Nature*. Yet how can I do more, unless I admire? Admiration (*Lady*) is Love in an *extase*, and there is no way to cure either but by the Enjoyment of you, the Cause of both. Love and Admiration are two *Daughters*, and you the *Mother*. You are the *Virgin Queen*, to whom all Hearts pay the *Tribute* of Love and Honour: But this I will say for mine, that their is none can pay more, and more truly then it. Onely (*Lady*) let me beg this Priviledge above others, to pay you by *Exchange* of Love. Not that I fear to hold out upon my own *Stock*. But yet (*Madam*) it will be a great Incongruement to see some Return. You (*Madam*) are the *Touchstone* to try the very *being* of Affection: for He that cannot Love you, will never Love any. Oh! that (*Lady*) we were so alike, that who ever sees us might say; Certainly These two are but one Flesh. Oh! that their was no other Difference betwixt us but that

com-

common one, of Man and Woman! and this difference again reconciled by *Husband* and *Wife*! Oh! that there was an equal distribution of Love! for it is pity that betwixt us two their should be any Love lost. And now, not having a wish beyond these, I rest in hopes that you will Answer them by acknowledging me

(*Madam*)

Your Servant.

Madam,

Walking in the Gallery of Ladies, I espy'd a Piece of Incomparable Beauty. My Hope and my Fear could not agree whether it should be a Fancy, or a real Representation. At last my Reason decided this Controversie; That Art could never draw a Fancy to such an exquisite Proportion, had not Dame Nature first set it a Pattern for Imitation. Now wandring to match this *Shadow* with its *Substance*, this *Picture* with its *Person*, I (*Madam*) by providence met with you, And I think all *England* could

not have afforded a nearer *parallel*. You (*Madam*) are one whom Beauty and Virtue have almost plac'd beyond all earthly *Allusions*. But because (*Madam*) your Servant is ambitious of your Picture, suffer Me to draw it by *Resemblances*. Your *Breasts*, two milky Fountains, betwixt which lies the *via Lactea*: your *Ivory Neck*: your *Head*, the Celestial Globe, your *Countenance*, the Sun, the *reflex* of whose Glory causes my Eyes to water. Stay (*Gentle Reader*) for a further Description of her, till I wipe them. — Your *Rosie Lipps*, your *Pearly Teeth*, your baulmy *Breath*, your *cherry Cheeks*, your *starry Eyes*. And now (*Madam*) I could throw all my other Fortunes upon heaps, and tread upon them; if by these I could be rais'd to a nearer Union of our Affections. But *union* is not near enough: may we therefore at last be *Individually* one. So prays

(*Madam*)

Your Servant,

Madam,

Madam,

I Am afraid to love you, because of your *Greatness*; yet I could willingly do it in respect of your *Goodness*. For a man to set his love on his Inferiour, is to cast it away; for it very often turns to his abuse. To love his equals, that's according to the *Rule*. But Love being a *Passion*, who can prescribe it Rules but He that gave it? And now (*Madam*) I can use no Argument, but you may return it back to my Disadvantage. If I plead that *Love will ascend*, yours may Ascend higher, because it hath advantage of Defect. If I beg your *Humility* to stoop so low you may then truly tax my *pride* that I should look so high. But (*Madam*) it is my love to you, that is the onely cause thereof: for I can pride my self in nothing, but onely in my Desire to serve you. I should disdain (*Madam*) the richest *Robes* to your *Livery*, and undervalue any *Priviledge* in respect of this, of being

(*Madam*)

Your Servant,

Madam,

M*Arriage* is look'd upon by all as an *Adventure*; but on which side is the greatest, there lies the Dispute. And for *Wasing*, I look upon that as another; the one being an *Adventure* Whether a Man shall get; and the other, What. Indeed (*Madam*) after many dubious Thoughts, oelatorie Answers, and, in summe, an ill Return, I betook my self to a retired life. But as no place can obscure any from the eye of Heaven; so no Condition could secure Me from the Tongues of others. One call'd me *Stoick*. This Aspersion I wip'd of with this Answer, That I had too much Love to be Angry. Another styl'd me *Cynick*. This also I dispatch'd with another; That I had received too many causes of Anger to love. But reviewing my Stock of Affection, I found it sufficient for a second *Adventure*. Sullen Fortune, my Foe, whom I could never court out of the Humour, I am sure never ow'd Me so much Happiness: it must therefore be Heaven: for nothing less could crown this *Adventure* with so happy a Return. My *Adventure* (*Madam*) was for Pearls,

and

and I have found you, who are truly a *Pearl*, both for Beauty and Value. Your virtues (as your person) merit to be engraven in such a Diamond as *Cleopatra* had her Image, to dispute *Escels* with the Sun, and *Dures* with *Time*. Should I devote all to your Service, yet were I no way able to purchase you. However, I am resolved to ask the price. What know I, but this Meeting may prove the first Link, to which those other of Love, Service and Honour are to be added, untill the whole *Chaine* of marriage be completed. Though Matches be first made in Heaven, yet they are made up on Earth. And this opportunity, for ought I know, may prove a *Premise* to such a *Conclusion*. 'Tis true, Providence hath put the first Motion into Me, because I am to be the *first Mover*. Yet I know not whether it hath prepar'd you to the entertainment of it, unless I ask. Pardon therefore, *Madams*, this Question, *Can you Love me?* Love is a Fire, and I hope, you appeared so to me; for at the first sight I found my self enflamed with the Heat thereof. If there be so much Virtue in Love as to beget it in another, then
may

may I have cause to hope, that seeing mine is already brought forth, yours is at least in Conception: I shall (*Lady*) attend its Birth: and may my continued Desire quicken your love, and my Company prevent its Misconceit. However (*Madam*) I shall beg the continuance of this Favour, to wait upon you; it being a Duty incumbent upon

(*Madam*)

Your Servant,

Madam,

Whether your *Anger* or my *Love* should be most permanent, is the Question. Indeed, considering the Mildness of my Nature, so your Anger hath the Advantage, but considering the force and *Energie* of my Love, so the *Balance* is equal. The strength of my Love being able to weigh the Anchor of *Hope*, yea even from the very depth of *Despair*. But (*Madam*) why should you be angry with me, because I love you. A loose Lover would invert the words for an Answer: but, *Madam*, I love you the more. My Love is like the well-grounded root of a Tree, that grows the

the firmer for being shaken with Stormes
 of Anger. I have known when Anger hath
 brought forth Love, but that Love should
 bring forth Anger, is quite besides its Na-
 ture; I am sure, beside the Intention of
 me the Lover. Can you Imagine (*Madam*)
 that I should put so *Sea* in Hope of a
Storm; or beg your Love with a tacite
 desire of a Denial? *Abſu!* Grant me it
 (*Madam*) and try. The word in Latine
 for a *Woman*, Authors derive
Mulier from another that imports Soft-
quasi ness, in relation both to the soft-
mollior. nesse of their Flesh, and the
 smoothness of their Nature. Make not I
 beseech you (*Madam*) this Definition fall
 by your hard *Construction*. If you (*Madam*)
 had been allied to some *Son of Adams*;
 or if some *Man of Iron* had contri-
 buted to your *Generation*; then might I
 have expected that you should have had
 a *Disposition* like an *Armour of proof*,
 against all the *Assaues* of Love. But
 for you, whose tender Nature hath been
 since made more soft with a tender *Educa-*
tion, for you to be thus angry with a
 Servant so affectionably loves you, Oh
 Heavens! Love me (*Lady*) and trie if
 Ile

I'll be angry. If you *smile*, I'll *laugh*; if you'll but *look*, I'll *Love*; if you'll permit it, I'll demonstrate my Love by my Service. Love me (*Madam*) if it be but for a day, and experiment what delight you'll find. I protest, I never found so much in Enjoyment of any thing, as I have done in the Contemplation of your Love. When, by any action, I could Conclude the least Evidence thereof, I was then so transported, that, methought there was no other Passion, but Love; and no other Happiness, but yours. There's nothing can give what it hath not. If (*Madam*) I find so much Content in your Love, you also must find some. Do not (*Madam*) contract your Compassion, because I have in this Enlarged my Affection; but pity all that Love, and him, who to gain yours, so unsainedly desires by love and Service to express himself

(*Madam*)

Your Servant.

Ma-

Madam,

M*y Service to you: But Service without Love is no more then a Complement; therefore as an Evidence thereof, in the first place give me leave to ask you, How you do. If You be well, I am so; for You are the Planet whose favourable Aspect hath an Influence upon my Constitution. You are the Heaven of my Happiness, and have a great an Influence on my Affection. And though the Distance of Place, Discontent of Mind (occasioned chiefly by the Reports of others) have widened this our Difference, yet to reconcile all, I have once more adventured upon this immediate Address unto your self. For your Answer to my former Letter, I shall gladly take it to be none of yours, seeing it is so altogether unlike your self. It hath (*Madam*) neither your Name, nor your Nature: something it hath of the Passion of Anger: And admit it *yours*; yet as no Physick is to be administered in a *Paroxysm*, so no Judgment to be past upon any, in a fit of Anger, much less upon *Ladies*, lest of all on *You*, by *Me* your Servant. Well*

(*Madam*)

(*Madam*) now your Passion's over, and your Anger laid, I hope you will not renew it should I take the boldness to prescribe you a *Recipe*. To fall from the height of Love to the depth of Displeasure, is too great a *Præcipice*. Anger is no proper Cure for Love. Friendship may allwage, and Love expel Love. But why should my First, Peculiar and Extraordinary Love end in a common and ordinary, upon the first Adventure? What know I but the second may make amends for all? Therefore I shall repeat my former Desire, and wish that being *bis repetitis, placet*. It is this, That you would be pleas'd to think Me, what I dare not think my self worthy enough to be your Servant. Blame not, I beseech you (*Madam*) my Love for this *Motion*; for then you must blame, what is no way blame-worthy, your self. For your Inward Goodness was the first *Spark* that kindled my Love, and your courteous Civilities the *Bellows* that *Enflam'd* it to this height of Desire; which if you shall quench by your Denyal; the fault is my mistake, not of your Courtesies, but Intention in them. Your
personal

personal Deserts (*Lady*) are a Fire, able
 to quicken any but a dead Affection. But
 if I have lighted my Love at a wrong Fire,
 or if I have taken fire from that *Altar*
 that was dedicated to another, I am the
 more sorry for it. *Lady*, if I may not
 feed on the Sweet *Delicacies* of your choy-
 est Love, yet let me, in an Answer, taste
 of the *Reversions*, if it be but to save
 my Longing, least for want thereof I mis-
 carry of my first Love, and ever after prove
 Barren. *Lady*, let all those former Ex-
 changes of Civilities and Respects prevail
 for an Answer: And that shall satisfie all
 Doubts, reconcile all Differences, fi-
 nish all vain Surmises, and totally en-
 gage Me either to be

(*Madam*)

Your Servant,

or for ever

Your Friend,

Madam,

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 Doubts, reconcile all Differences, fi-
 lettice all vain Surmises, and totally en-
 gage Me either to be

(*Madam*)

Your Servant;

or for ever

Your Friend,

Madam,

Madam,

THe fruitlesse Successe of former Letters, had almost prevented the very thoughts of this; but Considering that now I write to speak, and that this Letter is Intended for a Treaty, and that Treaty for removal of *Obstructions*. I dare not so far derogate from you, the *Patroness of Friendship*, as to suspect your Entertainment thereof. The large proportion of Favour, streaming from your self the fountain, with which I have been formerly satisfied, encourages me to believe, that still there is enough remaining to quench my thirst. I thirst, and I thirst, like one tormented betwixt Hope and Fear, for the firm enjoyment of your Friendship. But seeing I so thirst, others may well wonder that I come not to the fountain to Drink. *Lady*, I dare not, I dare not presume upon so great quantity of your Favour as my thirst requires. But yet I know you will not send away the thirsty as dry as they came. Why then should I fear? But how can I hope, since betwixt the two my Mind is almost ground to peices. My Mind is like a Ship tost upon the Waves of uncertainties,

certainties, driven this way and that way,
with two Contrary apprehensions, of Love
and Anger: now lift up in Desire, anon
cast down with Denial, and all for want of
the Anchor of a well grounded Hope to
settle it. But your Answer (though a
Storm) shall drive me to Haven, where
I will rest,

(Madam)

Your Servant.

Madam,

I Have a long time *Travayl'd* of a Desire,
and have as long desired to be *delivered*
thereof. Would the *Conception* and *Birth*
had been together. But this is my unhap-
piness, that I have a Fancy to *beget*, a
Mind to *conceive* thoughts and expressions
of Love but onely want Confidence to *de-*
liver them. For Explication: I have a long
time *conceived* thoughts of Love for—
which at this time are grown too great for
my Mind any longer to bear, & too great
in respect of her desert, for my Tongue to
deliver. I have therefore made use of my
Pen to set both my Mind and Tongue at
Liberty.

Liberty. And now out of the Abundance of my Heart, I can speak of nothing but Love, and out of the Snitableness of my Mind, I can think of none but Her. But though Love doth deny the very being of fear in one and the same Person; yet not altogether: for seriously, *Lady*, I am afraid I shall never accomplish it, in matters of this Nature, this being one unhappiness more, that I have a great deal of Love, but a little Faith. And now I must begge that you would be both my *faithful*, and my *privy Councillor*. The *Jews* have a Proverb, *Than any thing may go for a Secret, while it is betwixt two*: This being betwixt no more, I hope, may passe for another. Let me begge (I beseech you) your opinion in the Case, and it shall satisfie

Your Friend and Servant.

Madam,

HAVING the Honour to waite upon you in the delicate Moneth of *May*, when the Earth had put on her *Holy-day Apparel*, and every Field appear'd in its proper

proper and lively Colours, a Question did arise, whether You, or They did most excel in Beauty. I hope (*Madam*) you will not be the less mine, because I compare you to the Lillies of the Field, whose Virginity lies at the Will of the next Passenger to deflower: nor think yourself the less *Amiable*, when as the Great King, in all his Glory, did not disdain the same Comparison. And now to attribute this to your *Apparell*, were to derogate from your *Person*. It is not, any *artificial Dress* that can make you appear more amiable then truly you are. While other Ladies wear Cloaths for ornament, you (*Madam*) are an Ornament to your very *Apparell*. Every thing is heightened by your wearing it. You are the Glory of your Sex, the Honour of your Age, and the onely Happiness of

(*Madam*)

Your Servant.

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Madam,

BEING admitted into the *School of Love*, and you my *Mistress*, I began where all *Servants* usually do, at this *Lesson, Lady I Love You*; A Lesson, I dare not say, you did *actually*, yet this I will say, You did *Virtually* set Me. For (*Madam*) your *Superexcellent Endowments*, meeting with the *propensity* of my *Nature*, serv'd to *facilitate* the attaining of this, as *Wind* and *Tyde* doth to the expediting of a good *Voyage*. And now, after so large an *Encumbrance*, to absent my self from your *Service* without *Leave*, would place Me under no better *Notion* then that of a *Tenant*. But (*Madam*) you know it was *Business* that first set me at this *Distance*; and now it is want of *Health* that keeps Me there. But neither of these can make me forget my *Lesson*, and I have sent this *Letter* on purpose to tell you so. Indeed (*Madam*) I shall sooner forget that *I am*, then that *I am yours*, my *Happiness* being a *Wish* more adherent to my *Mind*, then my very *Essence*. Try (*Madam*) if you can learn this *Lesson of Love*, and let this *Letter* be the

the *Book*, Read it, and believe that I love You. Read it again, and learn to Love Me. Learn (I beseech you) until you have attain'd unto (as I have already) all the *Properties* of true Love, and fear not that in Affection you can outvie

(*Madam*)

Your Servant.

Madam,

HAVING the *Privilege* above others to be your *Servant in Ordinary*, and so in daily *Attendance* upon your *Person*; I received a *Command* to wait upon you to Dame *Flora's Garden*. Indeed (*Madam*) you being *Natures Paradise*, it had been but reasonable that She, with her *Virgins* of the *Spring*, should have waited upon you, with a *Present* of her choice and rarest *Flowers*. But why should I argue away my one *Happiness*? seeing that I am to enjoy the Honour to attend You. In your *Passage* thither, having your hand in mine, I was so touch'd with

the sence of Affection and Love, that I could not adjudge it to be any thing less then the *sensible Plant*. Being come thither, I compared your *Hand* with the *Lillie*, your *Lipps* with the *red*, your *Cheeks* with the *Damask Rose*, your *Breath* with them All, and your *Apparel* with the *Leaves*. Onely I was sorry that you wanted not a *Green Gown*. At last I found, that the fairest and sweetest Flower, then in the Garden, was Your Self: A Flower not to be match'd by any, unless it be by the Flower *Imperial*. Oh that my Bed were adorn'd with such a Flower! then would I *vie* Furniture with any *Bed of State*, and afterward sow the Seed for a Future Stock, hoping that in some reasonable time we might invite our Friends to come and see how our Garden thrives. Pity it is (*Madam*) that Death should extirpate so goodly a *Ros*, or Sicknesse deface so fair a *Flower*. Some ruder Hand may chance to *pluck* it. Gather'd it must be, or it will fall alone. Let *Mine* have that Honour: I love not (*Lady*) to disparage the Services of others; but if compar'd with the *sincerity* of mine, they are but mere *Pretexts*; and being cast up, they will

will not amount to the single Affection
of

(Madam)

Your Servant,

Madam,

THAT I should presume to write to You, whom Desert hath plac'd at so great a Distance, will (doubtless) require an *Apology*: And that I should do it no sooner, considering your many Favours, (*those Invitations to Service*) will require another. My *Apology* for both must be *Confession*, & *Silence*, And my Supplication, *Any Censure (Madam) but your Anger*. It hath been Punishment enough that I have so long wanted the Happiness of waiting upon You; double it not (I beseech you) by your denying Me this Favour for the future. Make not my *Offence* my *Punishment*, but let my *Confession* extenuate the one, and your *Goodness* mitigate the other. And now, to bring my *Service* as an *Argument* for the Grant of this Favour, were perhaps to make it the more *improbable*. However, if I miscarry,

it shall be in my *Affection* to You, I had rather die your *Martyr* then live, and not be, what now I am,

(*Madam*)

Your Servant,

Madam,

HE that builds upon anothers Ground, what can He look for but a *Writ of Ejection*; and He that begs the Favour of a Lady that is preingaged, what may He expect but a Denial? However, he is a *poor-spirited Lover* that will not adventure that in hopes of a *Conquest*. If (*Lady*) you be Ingaged, You can onely say, that I Lov'd you: And who doth not? But if you be free, what know I but I may obtain you. Indeed (*Madam*) I shall clearly *State my Case*, and leave it to your Good Nature to decide. And it is this. I most passionately Love you, and as affectionately with I could deserve you. *Ben Johnson* in his Discoveries tells a Story of a Person, who having some Land to sell, makes this Proclamation; *Who buys my Lands. All the Sheep died of*

the

the Rat, the other Cattle of the Murren,
and no Man ever yet thrives that had it:
Madam, who buys my Land? Indeed
(*Madam*) I have neither Part, Person
nor Estate that can any way merit your
Affection. And yet (*Madam*) can you
know *Me*? I have neither of these;
and yet I have all these; if you will be
pleas'd but to think so. I am a Subject
capable of whatever *Fate* your Fancy
pleases. Your mere Opinion (*Madam*)
like a *Cypher* in *Multiplication*, is able to
make my *Hundreds*, *Thousands*, and so
far to transform your Servant, that He
will appear to be the Person that you most
affect. For Conclusion, Could Nature
and Fortune (*Madam*) conspire to make
me Eminent for Learning, Beauty and Ri-
cher, yet I should account it a Super-
abundant Reward, if, for all these, I
might be

Your Servant.

Sir,
 Consulting the Creator of Mankind
 found one of its chief ends to be
Marriage; and then advising with my
 present Condition, and too much be-
 lieving its seeming inconspicuity, I took
 up a Resolution to marry. But knowing
 my Minde not apt to conceive such
 Thoughts, I must up this very charity,
 resolving not so hazard it but upon
 more then ordinary Probabilities. At last
 what I fear'd fell upon Me for *Placing*
 My Will upon one that had but too many
 already, I nosterly lookt. When, by the
 Abundance of *Paish* and *Beauire*, I had
 drawn up my Will to some hopeful Com-
 pliance, by the next *Kiss*, the strength
 of the former *Moment* returning, carri'd
 it back again to its first *Station*. So when
 were We to speak in *Hieroglyphicks*, I
 would express this Labour of *Waiting* by
 that of *Sisyphus*, whose Punishment in
Hell was to roll a great Stone up to the
 Top of a Mountain, which suddenly re-
 turned upon him, to the perpetuating of
 his fruitless Labours. Love and Anger in
 Her was like two *Hammers* in a *Chimer*;

as soon as the one down, but the o-
ther was up. Now she lov'd, and anon she
hated; this, *Adams* she would smile, and
the next she would frown; so that none
could see her to any Time but that of the
Change. And now amidst all my Solitudes,
I smil'd at the Remembrance of these
subsequent *Persecutions* of *Paraphrase*

Credere non potui, quod non crederetis:

Namque est frangendum nuda fide.

Fama nulla bona est, & fides contigit ille,

Nescio quid faceret mala, si bona esset.

I could (still) entertain a Belief for Mar-
riage, if I knew but where to lay a
Foundation for it. Were it possible to
build upon the Waters, then it might
be upon some Womens Minds, which
run at no more Certainty then the preva-
lency of the next succeeding Passion. In
short, would you have Me marry a Sha-
dow I can't o'retake. One whose Mind
will not hold out the marrying, but will,
contrary to all Precedent, introduce the
Nunc Dimittis into the Office for Matri-
mony, that so with the more Credic
she may be dismiss'd, before the Minister
hath

hath half perform'd the Solemnity? Could I find a *Phoenix* Nest, then might I be in some hopes of a Young one, and so propagate upon that *Individual Species* for the good of others. But admit the Nest was found; What if the *Phoenix* be fled? then farewell *She*! But much more farewell all *Jays, Magpies, and Parrots*; these Superfluities of the Creation; and *Welcome*, only *Wishes* to Me the constant *Dove*, that *Wishes* may be both *Constant* and *Consistent*. And (Sir) that you may see this virtue distinguishes neither Sex, nor Person, I am, as Her constant Servant; So

(Sir)

Your Constant Friend

Sir,

Waiting upon a *Lady-errant*, I cannot better express it, then by Attending a *Shadow*: If the Sun shine, then she appears, and so is *She*, only to be seen while the good Humour lasts, and then too like a *Shadow* she will be at her, *Noli me tangere*. But *causa latet*, and so let it.

in. And as a Shadow disappears by the Interposition of a cloud, so doth the other by the Interposition of an *Humour*. And indeed in such *Ladies*, there is a *Circulation of Humours*; like Links in a Chaine, if in *Motion*, then the one presently takes the others place, and theirs are alwayes in *Motion*; so that I deny to be in them any *Circulation* of the Blood, but onely of the *Humours*. If such (*Ladies*) be angry, I care not; those unconcern'd in this *Description* will not; and to such onely shall I study to approve my self, while I am;

Madam,

Can you love me? But lest you should return this *Question* with another: Would you have Me love you, whom I never saw? I have here sent you my *Picture*, with my *Properties*. I am neither *Proper*, nor *Petite*: neither *Fair*, nor *Deform'd*: neither *Rich*, nor *Poor*: neither *Courtier*, nor *Clown*: I am none of the *Best*, nor yet of the *Worst*: I am as I was *Made*,
and

and somewhat *Better*. I have mended my *Nature* by *Education*, and bettered my *Estate* by some *Addition*. I am like the *Polypus*, that appears of the colour of the *Rock* it sticks to. I am (*Madam*) as You are, *Bliche*, *Bucamo*, *Debenaire*, and *Coy* too, if You be so. I can *Love* you without *Idolatry*, and *Leave* you without *Despair*. I can *Live* with you, and I can *Live* without You. I will not Marry my *Fancy* to Any, before she is married to Me. I like it best that both these *Weddings* should go together. 'Tis confess'd (*Madam*) that I *Love* this *Dish* well: but if it must be *set by* for a better Friend, I can (*mangre* any *sullen Humour*) feed upon another. If you cannot *Love*, I can *Leave*, and if it were probable that in *Protract* of Time I might gain your *Affection*, yet I cannot *Love* long in *Hopes*. For if my *Love* goes the better part of the *Way*, I expect that yours should come the rest to meet it. I am *John Indifferent*; and so is my *Love*, until you shall turn the *Scale*, either by your *Denial*, or *Acceptance* of it, and Me.

(*Madam*)

Your Servant,

La-

Ladies,

These Letters without *Answers* may seem to some to resemble a *Person*, whose Picture is drawn onely with half his Face: but yet so, that the *Features* thereof may declare his *Sex*. And so also may the *Style* of these Letters proclaim *Him* to be a *Man* that writ them. Indeed (*Ladies*) my Lines are too rudely drawn to pass for yours. Your Letters run in a soft and smoother strain. Now, I wanting a *Feminine* fancy, durst not adventure to be *Ab epistolis* to you. A *Masculine* fancy, 'tis confess, may contribute the best *Matter* to a Letter; but yours (*Ladies*) yours is the fittest to Dress it up. Indeed, I have seen an *Author* that styles himself *The Secretary for Ladies*: but I know you so prompt to such pieces of *Ingenuity*, that if you keep any *such*, it is more for *State* then *Necessity*. Should I (*Ladies*) undertake to act Your part, I should both dishonour your *Sex*, and my self: neither is it possible that I should set down every *Ladies* Mind, when as (without derogation to the Sex be it spoken) there are so many that do not know their own.

own. For such, a *Taylor* may sooner make a *Coat* for the *Moon*, then I be able to draw up a *Decree* for their Intentions. But for You, the Noblest of the Sex, if you (*Ladies*) please not to Draw your own Pictures, may no Hand under that of a *Apollon* do it. It is a rule amongst *Limners*, that the Fairer any Person is, the Harder is his Picture to be taken; 'Tis pity (*Fair Ladies*) that Yours should any way suffer by an unskilful *Hand*. Nature (*Ladies*) hath furnished you with a *Language* proper to your Sex, and adorn'd it with peculiar *Fancies* and *Expressions*. I have not as yet learn'd the one, neither dare I pretend to the other, all my Ambition is to be accounted

(*Ladies*)

Your Friend and Servant.

Sir,

Language and Letters, the *Tongue* and the *Pen*, are the two prime *Movements* of Love; but which of the Two shall obtain the Honour to be the first, lies at the Disposition of the Lover. Indeed,

the

the Poet brings in Letters with this disadvantage, that *Littera scripta manet*: but better that should, then an unsettled Mind. 'Tis confess'd, That a nimble *Wit*, and a voluble *Tongue*, conjoyn'd with *Confidence*, the Necessary *Appendix* to both, do render that person, in whom they so meet, fit for such an Employment. *Wit* without *Language* is like a *Watch*, That may go true, but never Strikes; and *Language* without *Wit* is like another that strikes, but at no certainty. Thus (*Ladies*) you may see how willing I am to redeem Wooing from that common Scandal that lies upon it, that it is a work onely fit for *Fools*. And I am sorry that in reference to this, the *Proverb* so often holds good, *That Fools have Fortune*. *Wit* may do much, but something elie will do more; for where there is one marries out of Love to the *Head*, their's twenty marry out of Love to the *Body*: *in promptu causa est*, Learning can never fill a Bag. *Words* are but *Wind*, to some Women not so much. But a *Letter* it is the *Resident* of *Love*. It is a Friend at a distance. When Doubts and Differences do arise through the misconception of

a jealous Mind, a Letter it is both a *Resolver*, and a *Retraile*. It is the *Friend* of Love; in this Love takes its *Repos*; on this it meditates; on this it rests. It is Love All in all. In words there may easily be *hypocondria*; but that cannot well be in *Letters*, nor honestly *Erromentis*; for a *Letter* is the Mind in print. And now (Sir) what I have writ, is but mere Opinion; to neither of these can I experimentally subscribe, *Probatione*. But my Advice is, Wisely deliberate before you do either; and your *Case* being once *opened*, bring it to a speedy *Trial*; or (to use Mr. Herberts phrase) *Wholly abstain, or wedd*. Suffer none to make *Experiments* on your *Patience* by unnecessary *Delays*. Make not a *Chancery-suit* of a *Love-suit*; but if she will not, in some reasonable time, *joyn Issue*, do you cease your *Suite*. There's no *Recovery* in the *Case*; however you may *save Costs*. Save what it would have cost you in the *Prosecution*; and save your Mind what it might have suffered in the *Suspension*. If you resolve to proceed, it is still a *Chancery business*. There's a double uncertainty in the *Case*. The one is, Whether

ther She will accept your *Motion*; and the other is, Whether She will answer *Expectation*. If (Sir) you have entertained thoughts of Marriage, I really wish you the Happiness of this Advice, as I am

(Sir)

Your Friend and Servant.

Honoured Sir,

Now could I wish for the general, that *Learning* might descend like *Land*, and him condemn'd to perpetual Ignorance, that would offer to cut off the *Entails*. And for my own particular, I could wish, that Mr. Beaumont's Soul, the Poet, might never out of the Name, and my Self the present Possessor thereof, merely that I might, in a *Paper of Verses*, congratulate your safe *Arrival* at *Miricks*. But though I shall never be *Poet Laureate*, yet, *nudate Capite*, I will heartily say, *Deo Gratias*. Only I am sorry that you should be forced to so long a Voyage to so near a Friend. But (God be thanked) you may now stand upon the Shore, whence

E

whence

whence you may see your self free'd
from those dangers at Sea: God keep
you also from those at Land. So prays

(Sir)

Your Humble Servant.

Honoured Sir,

I Thankfully received your Letter, and
have as readily observ'd your Desires;
the last of which (for which I thank you)
viz. the news of my Welfare, I send
this Letter on purpose to inform you
of the Certainty of that, and also to
express my Hopes of yours. When I read
Utrecht in the preface to your Letter,
and considered the Dangers of *Foreign*
Travail, I began to wish that it were
Utrecht in rerum. But then weighing
the Pleasures of so well an *Accommo-*
dated Voyage, and the Content you
will receive in the satisfaction of your
desire; I began to think that I wish'd
you to your Loss. Now to reconcile
both these Wishes, I have but this one
more: That the same *Good Hand of Pro-*
vidence would continue to be both
your

your *Guard*, and your *Guide*. Though the *Line of Communication* be like to be remov'd to a greater Distance, yet may both Ends meet in an happy *Return*. May every *Accident* concur to make up yours a Good Voyage. So prays

(Sir)

Your Devote.

Sir,

MY *Visits* (with Reverence be it said) make up the two Parts of *Prayer*, for either they are for *Petition* or *Thanksgiving*. Your many *Favours* freely sent, and others as easily *Granted*, do both of them shew the *propensity* of your Nature to *Goodness*. My many *Necessities* (Sir) do make me pass for a *Beggar*; but it is your *supplying* of them that makes me Yours: and it is your *Humility* that makes you think it no *Abatement* to your *Honour* to keep such *Beggars*, whom a Good *Conscience*, meeting with others *Wickedness*, hath really made so. I have observ'd (Sir) in the Water, that one Wave makes another, until the last

E 2 breaks

breaks its self upon the Shoare. I will never fear that my *Requests* will ever *split* themselves upon a *Denial*, seeing I know your *Goodness* hath no *Bounds*. I need not tell you my *Wants*; your *Favours* (in all kinds) have prevented that; but I shall onely let you know, that I am, as by these engaged to be,

(Sir)

Your thank ful Servant.

Sir,

A *Casta*, in his History of the *Indies*, tells us that the *Inhabitants* of *Peru* did keep certain *Registers*, (which they call'd *Quippo's*) made up of several Strings of different Colours, and that by several Knots tied upon each of these, they were able to give an Account of all the *Acts* and *Accidents* of their whole Life. And now (Sir) having no hopes to attain to this *Art*, I will number out your *Favours* by the *Dayes* of my Life, and Assign to every Day one; for you have redeem'd those *Dayes*, in which you had no knowledge of Me, by

Crown-

Crowning those you have, with double
Courtesies. It would be then an Offence
 with an *Aggravation* to take care for
 the future, having such a *Provaditore*
general as your self. Though God
 gives me every day my *daily-Bread*,
 yet he makes use of you as the *Hand* to
 reach it. One day tells another your
Goodness, and this *Dayes Experience* bids
 the next not to suspect your *Bounties*. For
 which God lengthen out your dayes
 with the Addition of an Happy Eternity.
 So prays

Yours ad Infinitum.

Sir;

I Received yours, with the Enclosed
 from Mr. ——— whose Worth doth
bespeak, and many Favours com-
mand my best *Respects*. And amongst
 those favours, this; That he hath Com-
 mended me to yours. Now as I have read
 of two concern'd in an *Oration*, that
 what the One did *speak*, the Other did *act*:
 So What ever Mr. ——— hath said, I shall

be ready to perform, and by my just
Actions, justify his *Commendations*. Be
 confident (*Sir*) that in what I can serve
 you, there is none shall be more willing;
 and in what what I do, none more just
 then

(*Sir*) ,

Your Friend and Servant.

Sir,

Comparing my *Humours* with my *Sex*;
 I found one very much unlike my
 self: An *original* Humour it is that came
 in with my Blood, and is since strength-
 ned by its *Continued* Encrease. An *Ho-*
mour which *Modesty* will not let Me
 name, or rather, its Name is so. Indeed
 (*Sir*) to beg I am ashamed, unless it
 be by a *Letter*. I can send a *Messenger* of
 that *Errand*, that I am unwilling to do
 my Self. And truly (*Sir*) by the
 multitude of my Letters you may justly
 fear that every Letter is a *Beggar*, and
 every *Period* a *Petition*. But the only
Errand of this, is to beg this one *For-*

your

your, the granting whereof will oblige me to be

(Sir)

Yours *usque ad Aras.*

Sir,

NOT to write at all, were (without question) Ingratitude; and now to write, is what you will be pleas'd to account it. What the *Antecedent & Consequent* are in *Disputation*; the same should *Favours* and *Returns* be in civil Entercourse; not far Asunder. To omit the meaning of *Returna brevium* amongst the *Lawyers*, I think it very fitting for *Favours*, that Thanks should be return'd with the soonest; especially as it is with me, *viz.* where there is no more to give. It is the Observation of One, that *Ingratitude is the greatest Vice, but the least punish'd.* And I am sure that *Delay is the greatest blemish of Gratitude, but the least observ'd.* Writs and *Favours*, if not return'd in due time, render the receivers liable to a *Præmunire*. And now, while I am drawing up an *Inditement* against *Ingratitude*,

You know (Sir) that therein I condemn my self. Your many and great Favours engage me to Plead Guilty; and all that I can say *why Judgement*, or rather your *Displeasure*, should not pass upon me, is *Inabilitie*. But though the King, where there is nothing to be had, doth loose his right, yet he may justly expect some Acknowledgement: So I being no way able to return your Courtesies in kind, do (as an Evidence of my Thankfulness) freely and willingly subscribe my self

(Sir)

Your Humble Servant.

Sir,

I Thank you for your Favour, it being a Rule in *Moralitie*, That Thanks for one Favour, is the way to obtain another. But seeing my very Thanks carrie an *Hook* in them, you may justly fear, that I can neither write, nor speak without one. He that turn'd all to *Allegories* did not so much as I, that turn all to *Begging*. Yet (Sir) you may see, that though I am unable to return your Fa-

Favours with the like; yet that I am so honest, as far as I can, to pay one *Score*, before I enter upon another. But if *Thanks* would pay *Debts*, who would be in Debt? and if *Thanks* could, who would either give, or trust? Indeed (Sir) *Thanks* is good payment, where there is no more to give; or where a Man gives, and Expects no more. And if (Sir) upon this *Account*, you will vouchsafe me any new *Favours*, you shall be sure to find me

(Sir)

Your (so far) Grateful Servant.

Sir,

With this, I send you this *Present*: a *Present* so far below your desert, that it can onely let you know, that I have a Will to be thankful. *Favours* are *Debts*; and I can no way make satisfaction for yours. Accept, I beseech you, of this, with my *Thanks* for *Interest*. *Thanks* are onely *Security* until *Kindnesses* can be retaliated with the like. And though
you

you did me the Honour to express your affection to this *Present*, by requesting what you might have *Commanded*. Yet therein you have done both your self and me a *Courtesie*; for now, though I offer an unworthy, yet I am sure, that I offer an acceptable *Sacrifice*. And indeed (*Sir*) besides the *declaration* of your Mind, I had no ground to hope for *Acceptance*, but onely that you are my approved Friend, and I

(*Sir*)!

Your oblig'd Servant.

Sir,

F*avours and Thanks make up a Syllogism in Civility; which thus I'll form;*

Favours deserve Thanks.

But from you I have received many.

Therefore (Sir) I thank you.

And though I shall onely build upon your Goodness for the bestowing of what I shall now ask, yet I dare lay this stress

Press upon my present *Gratitude*, that
 it will not hinder: for it is but *reasonable*
 that you should receive what you give.
 And as there is none can be less oblig'd
 then your self, you being so far above the
 reach of even *Extraordinary* favours, yet
 for those your Goodness will permit an
 Acceptance of, none more *effectually*
 thankful then your self. What (*Sir*) doth
 denominate a *Favour*, is the Commenda-
 tion of all yours, namely this: that
 they are both *Free*, and *undeserv'd*. For
 while others *see* theirs, in hopes of a
 greater *Return*, you *rain* down yours,
 merely for their benefit that want them.
 And for my self, I stand (next to God)
 Indebted to you for my Preservation, and
 do (as I am bound) place you in the
Front of my *temporal* blessings, for which
 God reward you both with spiritual and
 eternal. So prays

TOM SEWANS.

Sir,

Sir,

I Received yours, and reading but not understanding your *Sublime* Language, and *Cautious* Complements therein express'd, I adjudg'd it writ in the *Clouds*. And because I did not know how to send an Answer to the *Man in the Moon*, I resolv'd to stay till you were come down, And now you are (*Sir*) I beseech you *What News there?* Doe not all things go round there, as well as here? The *Moon* being alwayes in motion, the *World in the Moon* mult needs move with it; so that (as I conceive) there can be but little Certainty of Action. I suppose there are no *Souldiers* there; for they are *fortifi'd* by such an unaccessible *Ascent*, that they need not fear any *Invasion* from below. However this doth not hinder, but that it was good *Policy* in us beneath to stand upon our *Guard*. For those *Armies* that have been here and else where seen in the *Clouds*, if they had not fallen out in the *Air*, no body knew where they might have *Landed*. And now (*Sir*) (contrary to the received Affirmation) you can assure me that the *Moon* is bigger then the Earth;

Earth. For if it were not so, She being the *Mother of Moisture*, upon the multitude of Her *Inhabitants*, some doubtless would long ago have fallen over to the *Center*; which makes it to me as clear as a *Mathematical Demonstration*. But pray (*Sir*) did not you meet divers *Ministers* there, *Familists*, *Enthusiasts* and *Predestinarians*, whose constant Walk is in the *Clouds*? Then certainly they must breathe in the next *Region* above it. Their *Language* cannot be other then that of the *Man in the Moon*; for no *Sublunary* body (except themselves) understand it. They can (if they please) tell you the *Arcana Regni*, & *Mysteria Cæli*; tell you whose name is written in the *Book of Life*, and whose not. It would do well if some of these after their *Descent* would give some *Advertisement* to *Politicians*. And indeed after some strange News from the *New found Land*. I alwayes expected some from this *New found World*; but as yet I could never read of any *Address* to his Highness, nor of any *Ambassador* from thence to any *Forraign State*. I believe, They being the *higher World*, expect that the *Lower* should send first. And it were well, if

two or three of those *above-qualifi'd* Ministers (for they think themselves already *Ambassadors*) had a Commission to lie *Linger* there, that so we might have a *Grammar* and a *Lexicon* for the Attain-
ing of the *Language*. I could easily believe the *Government* there to be that of a *Common-wealth*; only I know not what to make of the *Man in the Moon*, Certain I am, that he is a *Single Person*, but how Digni-
fi'd or Distinguish'd, I leave to the *Author* of the *World in the Moon* to Determine. I suppose (*Sir*) in these dangerous times you will repair thither again for safety. I shall patiently wait the event of all Affairs: I only wish you a good Journey, and let me beg, that when *Galileo* his *Nuncius Siderius* comes that way, you would burthen him with a word or two of your safe Arrival, which will be very welcom to

(*Sir*)

Your Obedient Servant,

Essaius



Efsaies

UPON

Several Subjects.



1837

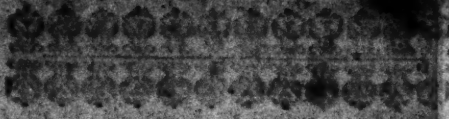
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ESSAIES

Upon Various Subjects.

Upon the H E A D.



THE *Head* it is the *Royal Exchange* of the *Soul*, where all the *Faculcies* meet for *Entercourse*: It is the *Globe of wonder*; and no wonder, when the *World* cannot afford a *Subject* large enough for its *Comprehension*. In it ther's the *Height of Metaphysicks*, the *Medium of Meteors*, the *Depth of Natural Philosophy*, and the *Breadth of Cosmographie*. A man by the sole virtue of his *Fancy* may sit still, and yet at the same time travell the vast *Universe*. The most extensive *Division of Mankind*, is into

F Wise,

Wise-men and Fools ; and it is the Head only that makes the Difference. The Ancients us'd to pourtrait no more of the most deserving Persons then their *Head* ; judging the Reserve of that one *Member* sufficient enough to transmit their *Memories* to Eternity. The Splendid and Magnificent Triumph exhibited at *Rome* , in honour of *Pompey*, that great *Asserter* of their *Immunities*, was done onely with a bare shew of his *Head*. *Totus Homo in Capite*, *The whole man is to be seen in his Head*, was the Saying of *Plato*. All the *Admiranda Mundi* , the rare Inventions that have been lost, and those that have been since found, (of which *Pancirollus* doth learnedly discourse) All these are to be attributed to the *Head*. The most *Abstruse secrets* of *Nature*, the more *divine Mysteries* of *Alchemie*, in-sum, the whole *Furniture* of this vast World is nothing else but the *Product* of the *Brain*. *Ob Divinum Caput !* But every Head is not so. Of all Heads (in *Galen's* opinion) the *Round Head* is the Best, because that *Figure* of all others is most *Capacious*, and because most *Heavenly Bodies* are so made. Indeed Heads the *Rounder*, the more

more *moveable*, and so the *Apter* for any *Alteration*. But all *Circles* are not of one *Dimension*; nor all *Heads* of one *Proportion*. A *Great Head* is *Commonly* dull, and in *Juncto* with a *short Neck* (if their be any truth in *Physiognomy*) speaks the Person to have a *Sheeps-Head*, and a *Walvish Nature*. A *Diminutive Head* is violent, and as *Aegineta* will have it, A sign of an evil *Constitution*; but in *medio consistit Virtus*.

Upon the HEAD and BODY.

I Have observ'd in the whole *System* of *Bodies*, that there is a mutual resemblance, but the most visible lies in this. If in the *Natural* you divide the *Head* from the *Body*; if in the *Ecclesiastical*, you take the *Chief Bishop* from the *Church*, then the One lives not at all, and the Other neither happily, nor long. *Homo est arbor inversa*, (a *Common* but true description of him.) And if it were not *inversa*, it could not be like Him. But the introducing of a mere *Schisme* into

F 2

the

the place of *Episcopacy*, what could it possibly produce, but a placing of the *Heads* where, by right, the *Head* should stand. The *Head* and the *Body* are the two *Relatives* of life; the *Head* it is the *Essential* part; all the other are as it were but *Accidental*; A man may live with the loss an *Arm*, but none, except *Hercules Pocus*, lives after his head is off. It was a witty Conceit of him, that pictured *Estim* carrying his head in his hand, onely to *emblematize* the *Dexterity* of his *Parts*, He being one that had the use of his *Head* at his *Fingers ends*. A *Body* without an *Head* is onely fit for *Burial*; and because it hath lost its *Head*, the place of *Wisdom*, let it have the *burial* of an *Ass*. An *Head* engrafted, though it may be kept on by *help of the Hands*, yet can never be so firm as one that *Nature* hath fix'd. Every mans *Head* will not fit the *Shoulders* of a *Commonwealth*. There is no one Broad enough (no not the right) to give All Consent. And He that will make himself *Head*, without the consent of the whole *Body*, though he may rule well, yet seldom rules long. *Abortives* in *State* resembling

bling *Abstrives* in Nature, neither Long-
liv'd, the one being *Prater Legem*, the
other *Prater Naturam*.

*Upon the HEAD and BODY,
as they are the figures of
ETERNITY and TIME.*

THE *Head* and the *Body* make up the
Little world; the one is the *Celestial*,
the other the *Terrestrial Globe*, and both
these drawn into a *Map*, that at one
and the same veiw a man may have a
clearer sight both of *Heaven* and *Earth*.
The *Head* it is the *Exactest Figure* of
Eternity, the *Body* the most lively *Map*
of *Mortality*. *Time* and *Eternity* are two
Continents, betwixt which runs a small
Isthmus, which may not untruly be styled
Death's Key, which lets all *Passengers* in;
either to *Heaven* or *Hell*.

Eternity is so far the *Counterpart* of
Time, that upon the good or ill *usage*
of the one depends the *Happiness* or
Misery of the other. *Homo est mundus*

mixture, Man is a mixt world; for so *Phylosophy* considers him. Our *Legs* are the two *Poles*, upon which this *Body* doth move. Now the best use that we can make of this Consideration in *Divinity*, is by it to apprehend, that *Dust* we are, and to *Dust* we must return. *Lysosthenes* in his book of *De Prodigijs*, tells us of certain people of *Asia*, which are born without *Heads*, bearing their faces in their breasts. Now their *Brains*, and their *Bellies* being so near, the *Genius* that is got betwixt them can Certainly lead them to no better then *Sensual Delights*; But for us, The very *Form* of our *Bodies*, and the *Distribution* of our several *Members*, must of necessity dictate to us *Lessons* of an *higher nature*. We tread upon the *Earth*, to teach us that we should do it in *Disdain*. And for our *Heads*, they can mind us of nothing but *Heaven*. *Cepus & Caelum*, the *Head* and *Heaven* were alike, that by the *Ancients*, they were us'd one for another.

—tendis ad sidera Vultus.

And good reason; for it is from thence we expect what we want; and thither must

must we make our Returns for what we Enjoy. *St. Paul* when he was *rapt up* into the *third Heaven*, He himself was not certain that his *Body*, but, I am sure, that his *Head* was there; I mean those *Regalia Caeli*, those *Spiritual Existences*, those *Concomitants of Eternity*, which are seated in the narrow *Circle of the Head*. And (now) O vain man, that spendest thy *Time in Vanity*, and thy *Years in Pleasure*, wilt thou, far worse than the *Heathens*, when as They had so much Manners as to make their *Hands* to kiss their *Lips*, wilt Thou make thy *Lips* (those *double-leav'd Doors to Immortality*) to kiss thy *Feet*? Discredit not Christianity with so low a Condescension. Disinberit, not thy nobler part, to spend its *does* upon thy *Lusts*. Seing God gave thy *Body* to be an *Organ* to thy *Soul*, be thou, O man, at last perswaded to use it as an *Instrument* for his *Glory*.

Upon the HEAD and the SOUL.

THE Head is the Citadel that commands the Isle of Man; the chief treasure in this Island is the Soul; the Commander in Chief is our Reason; Understanding is the Sentinel; the Affections are the Souldiers; the Cinque Ports are the five Senses; but the chief Landing-place is the Eye. Should Sathan appear in his own Holy Hue, he would hardly land there; therefore he comes in the shape of an Angel: He knows how to bait his Hook that he may take, and with what Objects each Eye is affected with, and Proportions the one to the other: His whole Design in this Endeavour being only to Ensnare the Soul. But this not taking, his next Stratagem is to bribe our Reason, with an *Omnia hac tibi dabo*, when as there is nothing of Reason in the Offer. The World is not Sathan's to give; nor thy Soul Thine to sell, But of all the Faculties, Reason hath the least to plead for such an All.

For

For admitting the *Soul* to be the *Crown*; then the rarest *Game* in that *Crown* is *Reason*. But if *Reason*, in its full Strength, could not resist so small a *Temptation* as the white and red of an *Apple*, how shall it be able to withstand a far greater in its *Decays*? But God forbid every mans *Reason* should be thus *Treacherous*: therefore his last *Device*, is to make a *Mist* in the *Soul*, taking the opportunity of *Entrance*, while *Passion* and *Reason* are contending for *Superiority*. Though God and *Sathan* cannot dwell together; yet they may be near *Neighbours*, as near as *Head* and *Heart*. In this case was *St. Paul*, when as the *Flesh* lusts against the *Spirit*, and the *Spirit* against the *Flesh*. Hence it is evident, Who is the first *Mover* of *Rebellion*. *Sathan* sometimes sets two *Pretenders* at variance in the *Soul*, that in the *interim* he may possess himself of the *Throne*, and so declare himself to be, what he is truly call'd, *Prince of this World*. But *Unum Regnum non caput duo Reges*. The *Head* and the *Heart* making up but one *Entire Kingdom*, cannot long hold two such *Contrary Commanders*: therefore God (and that not without good

good reason) leaves the Soul. And now enter more Devils then ever Christ cast out: Ther's *Beelzebub*, the Prince of Devils, with *Legion* for his Guard. Ther's the *White Devil* of Hypocrisie, the *Black* of Prophaness, the *Unclean* of Drunkenness, the *Mad* of Anger, and the *Dumb Devil* of Fear. And now, if you would know where *Hell* is, it is *Here*. But notwithstanding this large Digression, I cannot forget the *Ingratitude* of the *Body*; when as That, which (next to God) is beholding to the Soul for its *Life* and *Being*, lets into it these Enemies, that did betray it to the Devil. *Quas membra, tot arma*; St. Paul did wisely foresee this, when he wish'd his *Romans* not to use their *Members* as *Weapons* of unrighteousness. The *Body* and the *Soul* are *Twins*; they were conceived and born, live and all together. The *Members* of the one, and the *Faculties* of the other, are *Brothers* and *Sister's Children*. Exceedingly then must this aggravate their *Ingratitude*, to prove *Traytors* to so near a *Relation*. And seeing (O Lord) out of thy *Wisdom*, *Justice*, and (I hope) thy *Goodness* also, thou hast permitted *Sathan* to carry this Soul

into

into Captivity, suffer it not long to remain there; but turn this her Captivity as the Streams in the South; turn it so speedily, turn it so effectually, that it may never more return to Folly; and at last turn All (O Lord) to thy Glory. Amen.

Upon the EYE,
as it is a
TERRESTRIAL SUN.

THE Eye is a Terrestrial Sun, fixed in the Firmament of its own Frame, Were the Cælestial Sun quite extinct, the Light we receive from this could be no way Beneficial to us. And were this Sun extinct, Man by the light of that Other could not, with order, direct his steps. So that the Light of the Eye is the Sun, and the Light of the Body is the Eye. It Sets, by wrapping its self within two Flethy Coverlids, and it rises again, by dispelling them. It rises in hope to see, though sometimes it be prevented; but it always

waves sets to rise; though set by *Death*, yet then it is to *rise* again. The *Sun* in his *Course* keeps not a *Constant Course* in *setting*, setting sometimes sooner, sometimes later. Man, through a needless disordering of himself, keeps not a *Constant Course* of *setting*. The *Covetous Person* sets late, and rises early. The *Lazy Person* sets betimes, and rises late. Such were those whom *Tully* spake of, *That behold neither Sun setting, nor Sun rising*. The *Cyclops* have but one *Eye*, yet they brag, That they see more then the whole *World* beside. God hath given us two (and two are better then one) if but in this respect; for if one failes, the other holds; and though They may see further, yet We may see longer, and so in Continuance of *Time*, see more then They. God hath given Men two *Eyes*; not that with the one we should eye the *World*, and with the other Him; for he hath, by one *Optick Nervus*, so united both, that, at one and the same time, a Man cannot look Upward and Downward. No Man can serve two Masters. He that serves God, may use the *World*; but it must be as though he used it not: And he that serves

the

the *World*, would willingly make use of
God, but it should be for his own ends.

Upon the EYE,
 as it is the
 INDEX of the MIND.

THE Eye it is the *Looking-glass* both of
Body, and *Mind*, by which a man
 may discern the State of both. *Oculi ut
 validi fuerint, ita & Corpus*; If the Eye
 be strong the whole Body is so likewise, was
 the Judgement of *Hippocrates*, who had
 so great an opinion for the Eye, that He
 advises all Practitioners in Physick, in
 visiting their Patients to observe exactly
 the Countenance, and in it principally
 the Eye. The Eye it is the Limbeck to
 distill sadness from the Mind. The Eye
 and the Mind are as much like, as a
Picture can be to its Original. *In oculis
 animus pictus est*. The Ayery Element is
 indew'd with Moisture and Heat, the
 one to attemper the other. In the same
 Eye.

Eye God hath placed *Visum & Flerum*, *Seeing and Weeping*; *Weeping* to allay the heat that flowes from the Lust of *Seeing*. The *Eye* it is the *Index* to the *Book* of the *Soul*, by which, with the more readiness, we may find out the *Virtues* or the *Vices* thereof. There is the *single Eye* of *Sincerity*, and the *double Eye* of *Hypocrisie*; there is the disdainful *Eye* of *Pride*, and the *submiss Eye* of *Humility*: there is the *red Eye* of *Drunkenness* and the *clear Eye* of *Sobriety*: there is the *rolling Eye* of *Wantonness*, and the *fixed Eye* of *Chastity*.

The *Jews* made use of the *Goodness* or *Badness* of the *Eye*, as a note to distinguish the *Liberality* or *Covetousness* of the *Person*. In the paying of their *first-fruits*, he who had a *good Eye* paid one of forty, he that had an *Indifferent one* paid one of fifty; and he that had a *Covetous Eye*, paid but one of sixty: Though perhaps he that was best *Able* paid least, yet he that paid most, lost nothing by the hand: for *Decima sunt sepes Divitiarum*, *Tithes are the Hedge of Riches*, and never any *Man* yet lost by being *Liberal* in his *Religion*. And beside, while the other incurred Gods *Curse*, He got his *Blessing*,
and

and Gods Blessing is Increase, and that without Limitation. A Good man is Longliv'd, and he must needs be Rich, that lives long and thrives dayly.

Upon the EYE,
as it is an
INLET to VANITY.

THE Eye it is the *Sluce*, through which there streams into the Soul a *Little Ocean* of vain and sinful Objects. *Vanity* stands in a Morning at the Dore, only waiting for Admittance. Since its first birth in *Paradise*, what through the subtle *Invention* of man, and the *Perversion* of good things to wrong Uses, the whole world brings forth little else but *Fruits of Vanity*. Food for the Soul is now grown Food for the Eye, the *Amick Attire* of men and women manifestly shew that they come to Church but either to see, or to be seen: *Young Men*, and *Maides* resorting thither as the *Heathens*

thens did to *Venus Temple*, to fit their eyes with a Beautiful object. Neither can some *Ministers*, (I mean These of the *last Edition*,) be altogether excus'd, who having the Advantage of a *general View*, do *Hers* commonly make their choice; And afterwards obtaining the liberty of the *Pulpit*, do by their *Sweet Faces*, and *Amiable Discourses* Court them thence. Good therefore was the Device of the *Duke of Wirtenberge*, who so contriv'd a *Church*, that the *Men* might not see the *Women*, nor the *Women* the *Men*, and yet both hear the *Preacher*. Food for the *Body* is turned into Food for the *Eye*, some *Men* pleasing their *Eyes* in facing their *Tables* furnished with variety of *Needless Dishes*. Well did the *Romans* style such a feast *Cena dubia*, because it puzzl'd their *Guests* how to proportion their *Meat*, that their *Bellies* might contain of every sort a little. The *Eye*, though firmly centred, yet the least *Commotion* moves it. If the *Ear* give it *Intelligence* of any impertinent *Tumult*, the *Eye* must presently see what's the *Matter*. If any pitiful piece of *Pagan-try* to be expos'd to *View*, the *Eye* must have

have its share in the sight thereof: nay, were the *same* to be seen *De die in diem*; the *Eye* would not believe it to be so, unless it saw it. So that though the *Stomack* may be cloyd with *Variety* of *Dainties*, yet neither can the *Ear* be satisfied with *Hearing*, nor the *Eye* with *Seeing*. Hence it is, that so many *non-Resident Gallants* are drawn out of their own *Kingdoms*, onely with the thread of a *Vain* and *Dubious Report*; the satisfying of their *Eye* setting sail to their *Will*; though sometimes they are driven back by the *Cross Wind* of a better *Inform'd Judgement*. Admit a Man, in term of life, could view as well all the *Miraculous Arts* of the *Creator*, as the *rare Inventions* of the *Creature*, which three parts of the *World* could afford; yet if the fourth remains *Unseen*, the *Eye* would remain *Unsatisfied*. Some men lighten their *Purses* to load their *Eyes*; and yet their *Eyes* ne're the fuller. That *Estate*, the weight of half whereof would break their back, some men carry in their *Eyes*, and yet see ne'r the worse. *Delightful Objects*, like *Eye-water*, onely clear the *Eyes*. Others there are whose *Eyes* are so *Curious*,

that none but a *Terra incognita* will satisfy them, though, for the finding of it, they loose their lives; and so the *Water* closes up those *Eyes*, which the *Land* could not satisfy. Think not (*Reader*) that I in the least would discommend Foreign Travail; for it is the sole Ornament of a *Gentleman*, beyond which there is not an *Accomplishment* to be added. When the Person by *Observation* is able to unravel the *Mysteries* of other *States*, and, by depth of *Judgment*, to *Fathom* their *Policy*; and afterward so to digest these, as to make them serviceable to his *Own* and his *Countries* good; when He can show some *Relique* of *Learning*, that he hath recovered out of the *Ashes*, wherein it was *Buried*; when his chief *Industry* is to *Restore* the *Decays* of *Antiquity*, when he hath attain'd the *Languages* of those *Countries*, where he hath convers'd: when he hath studied *Books*, and digested them into *Discourse*; *Persons* and their *Actions*, and made the most *Commendable* of them his own, by *Imitation*; *Men* and their *Lives*, I mean the most *exemplar*, and made *Their's* the *Rule* of *His*; Then He returns both a better

better *Man*, and a better *Christian*. But others there are, who after their Return, can onely tell you a *fine Tale* of as *fine a Bird*; and another, of as strange a *Beast*. Tell you what *Great Madam's Hand* he had the Honour to kiss. Tell you of such a *Masquerade*, and such a *Ball*, and who were the *Actors*; and which came off with the greatest *Applause*. Tell you, and perhaps bragg, of such a *Fair Lady* that he had the Happiness to *Treat*; and afterwards to *lie withal*, to make the *Careffe* completely *Gent*. He can give you no account of any place where he was, but onely of the *Cabaret* and *Bordel*; and after his return can hardly be perswaded that he was *There*, but onely for these two costly *Remembrancers*, *Wine* and *Women*. And now, with his *corrupt Nature*, he brings Home so many *vitious Habits*, which serve him onely to spend the Remainder of his *Condemn'd Estate*. Others there are not quite so vain, who yet can give an Account of no *Higher Matters* then either the *Great Bell* at *Robau*, the *Cross* of *St. Dennis*, and (to omit many others) the *Jesuits Church* at *Antwerp*. And now, as one Transported with the *Glory* of this

G 2

Temple,

Temple, and that outward *Pomp of Religion*, he takes this to be the *Kings Daughter*, and because *She is so Glorious without*, concludes Her also to be all *Glorious within*. Now the *cunning Jesuite*, perceiving him staggering in his Faith, presently o're-turns it with a *Miracle*. They can either shew *Old*, or work *New Miracles*; which their *Customers* please to have. And so betwixt *Miranda & Miracula*, 'tis ten to one but he loses his *Religion*: or at best, returns with such an *Indifferency* for any, that in conclusion he dies posselt of none. Were all Men infected with these *Peripatetical Principles*, the general *vacation* would be *Perambulation*. But some there are of a more settled Mind, that will content themselves with those *Sights at Home*, and credit others Reports for those of a greater distance. And of this kind of *Fruite*, there is no *Kingdom* but yields a plentiful *Encrease*. In Ours, besides those *Moveable Shows* that are pack'd up from *Fair to Fair*, and so are become *Necessary Parts* thereof; how many *Standing Shows* are there in this *Kingdom*, and every one of these requiring so many *Eye-servants*

servants to attend them. The *Romans* amongst others Shows they exhibited to the people, for recreating of their *Eyes*, had their *Ludi Scenici*, their *Stage Plays*. And had ours been kept *Chast* and *Clean*, the *Stage* might the better have born them. But how many *pure Breaths* have been infected with the ill *Savours* that have flow'd from a *beastly Comedy*? I will not question but the *Author's* in penning most of them, intended them for a *Glass*, both for *Manners* and *Humours*: but since, They have been *Acted* onely to please the *Eye*, the *Usual Invitation* being, *Come, Friend, let's go see a Play*. And indeed those *Lascivious Gestures*, which are there represented to the *Eye*, cannot, without question, but inkindle in some such a *Flame of Lust*, that if *Heaven* did not *interpose*, the Commission of a far *Greater Sin* must needs take place. *St. Augustine* in his *Confessions* makes this good by a very *ingenuous Acknowledgement*; When (says he) in the *Theaters*, I beheld those that *Acted the Lovers Parts*, I did burn with the like *Desire*. When I do but conceive in my *Mind* how they did wickedly injoy each other; and after-

wards cool'd again with sorrow, when they were frustrated of their *Expectations*. But some Mens Eyes are fed with more *doleful* Objects. I have read of a *Tyrant*, who having by his *Unjust Decrees* kindled a fire for purifying of God Servants, rejoyc'd to see the *Flames* burn so *Clear*. *Domitian* the *Emperour* made his *Will* a *Slave* to his *Eyes*, delighting to behold the *Execution* of his wicked *Decrees*. But These fell by the stroke of *Tyranny*. If a man dies by the way of *Accumulative Treason*, He shall not want *Spectators*, Through a continued *Custom* our *Monthly Executions* are accompanied but with a *Slender Appearance*. But when *Heading* came into request, what through the *Novelty* of the *Act*, and the *Curiosity* of the *Eye*, *Gregory* and his *Axe* grew into a *Show*; and if the *Prologue* did attract *Hundreds*, no wonder that the *Tragedy* itself did *Thousands* of *Spectators*. Amongst those many *Unreasonable Sports* with which the *Romans* used to *Entertain* the *People*, the most *unnatural* was that of the *Gladtitors*. A *Game*, though *Bloody* in itself, yet accounted but a *Game of Pleasure*, wherein the

Surviver

Survivor was but *reprieved* for a second Opportunity. *St. Augustine* in his *Confessions* relates the Story of his friend *Alippius*, Who at first did detest the *Gladiators fight*, but meeting certain Friends, who did with a familiar kind of *Violence*, conduct him to the *Amphitheater*, (the usual place where this Game was exhibited) returned this Answer, If you drag my *Body* thither, I will shut mine *Eyes*, and so conquer both *Them*, and *You*. As soon as he was arrived, he shuts the *Windows* of his *Eyes*, but by reason of a fatal Blow that was given, and the *Strong* cries of the *Multitude*, ringing so loud in his *Ears*, out of curiosity of seeing the cause thereof, he opened his *Eyes*. *Hearing* he *Beheld*, *Beholding* he *Liked*, and *Liking* bred *Delight*. For afterwards he was more enflamed with the pleasure of it, then Those that at first did invite him thither. What these *Gladiators* did in *Earnest*, our *Fencers* practise onely in *Jest*. Setting no *sharper Edge* upon their *Weapons*, then what will jult serve to *entertain* their *Spectators Purposes*: And though the very name of *These Shows* may seem to threaten *Death* to the

one party; yet commonly the *Spectator* receives the *Greatest Wound*. From all *Unlawful Shows*, O man, totally withdraw thine *Eyes*. Tempt them not with *One*, for that will entice thee to a *Second*. Humour them not with a *third*; for that will compell thee to a *Fourth*. Give the *Eye an inch*, and it will take an *ell*. Suffer not the *Eye* to wander, which, once abroad, knows neither *Place* to rest, nor *Time* to Return. The *Eye* that is starved for want of these, will the more eagerly pursue spiritual Objects. But yet (O man) to cure this disease, lock not up thine *Eye* in a *Monkish Cell*, but Contemplate the *delightfull works* of the *Creator*. And, to avoid the Abuse, keep a stricter Command over thine *Eye* in regard of *seeing*, then *One* (as I have read) did of Himself in regard of *reading*, Who, once from his book, could hardly be got to it, and at it, could as hardly be perswaded from it. Thou mayest as lawfully contemplate *Earth*, as *Heaven*; only let *Earth* fit thee for *Heaven*, and let *Heaven* sweeten *Earth*. Let the former so recreate the *Eye* of the *Body*, that with the *Eye* of the *Soul* thou mayest with the more *Recreation* attend the latter.

Upon the EYE,
as it is the
GUIDE of the MIND.

THE *Mind*, it is the *Inward Sentinel* to the *Soul*, which doth, or at least should, take an exact Account, as well of *What gets in*, as *What comes out*. But much *Water* passes by the *Mill*, that the *Miller* knows not of, and many Vain and Unprofitable Discourses slip in, and more corrupt and Unsavory Language comes forth of the *Soul*, while through the subtilty of the *Eye* the *Mind's* a wandering. The *Mind*, it is the *Memories Receiver*, so that what we *mind* we *remember*. What Settledness of *Mind* did those *Hermites* attain unto, who sequestred their *Eyes* from all worldly Objects. *Leontius* lived a solitary life forty years, *Thalilus* sixty, *Benjamin* eighty, *Cronius* a hundred. But we that live in this last and turbulent *Age* of the *World*, find so much employment for our *Eyes*, that our *Mind's* in a moment
of

of time are shaped into divers and different *Formes*. Our Minds are like *Shops*, altered according to the *Vocation* of the Owners. *Waxen Mindes* ready to receive any *Impression*, these Outward Objects, represented to the *Eye*, shall stamp upon them. *Aquilinus* desired of God that he would deprive him of the light of his *Eyes*, that he might serve him with an *Intensive* Mind. The blindest *Eye* hath the fixedst *Mind*. If in the hearing of the Word, the *Eye* doth but slip aside, it falls into the *Devils Circle* who as he can transform himself into an *Angel of light*, so can he shape his *Baits* suitable to the *Sense* that he doth ensnare. Admit it be the *Eye*, there shall be a *Choakie Core* under the *Gilded Apples* of *Sodom*; A bitter *Misery* coloured over with a promising *Delight*; A deep *Ditch* covered over with a *Beautiful skin*; and 'tis no wonder the *Eye* feeds so long on the contemplation of such lovely *Ideas*, when as it is then in its *Natural Paradise*. Onely *Man* of all other *Creatures* is worst in his own *Element*. It is not therefore without good reason, that very many *Judicious Divines*, especially those
that

that are conscious of there own Weakness, do shut their Eyes (like those Roman Fencers called *Andabate*) when they go to *Wrestle* with God in the Exercise of Prayer. If in that Duty the Eye doth lead the *Mind* a gadding, it is ten to one but either it *Splits* its self upon some *Absurdity*, or else *Wanders* into *Vain Tautologies*. Such Prayers look like *Chequer-Work*; Here's a *Black*, and ther's a *White*, Here's a *Confession*, and there's a *Petition*; Here's a *Petition*, and there's a *Confession*. Such a rude *Chaos* of *Devotion*, that God, who is the God of Order, will never accept it for a *Sacrifice*. Now a well Studied and Premeditated Prayer prevents all this. But because a *Christians Task* extends further than the *Limits* of his Own House, and some Duties must be perform'd in *Publique*; a continued *Amen* to every several distinct *Petition* of the *Minister* is an Admirable *Preservative* against a wandering *Mind*; for when the *Petitions* do orderly *Succeed*, and are *Compendiously Express'd*, an *Amen* shuts to the *Dore* of the *Mind*, that the *Diuel* cannot intrude the least *Suggestion*.

Upon

Upon the EYE,
as it is the
FIRST MOVER of LOVE.

THE Eye, it is the *Primum Mobile* of Love: It is the *Womb* to Conceive, the *Food* to Nourish, the *Fire* to inflame, the *Cabinet* for Love to lodge in. The Eye, that begets Love, and Love, if not rightly conceived, sometimes brings forth Death. The *Sons of God* saw the *Daughters* of Men to be fair, and took them *Wives*. Beauty is the *Eyes Attractive*. I can no way discommend their looking; for neither *Sex* is to be taken upon trust; but that which was blame worthy, was their *Eying* more their *Outward Beauty*, then their *Inward Piety*. Women are not to be chosen solely for their *Beauty*. The *Daughters of Wicked Men* were very fair; *Fair*, and *False*. As *Beauty* is the *Ornament of the Body*, so *Piety* is the *Ornament of Beauty*. A Body without Beauty is a *Natural Defect*, proceeding from the *Creators* pleasure. But a Body
without

without Piety, is a *Sinful* defect, proceeding from the *Pollution* of our *Nature*. *David*, and his Son *Amnon* were both ensnared by the *Eye*; *David* with the Beauty of *Bathsheba*, *Amnon* with the Beauty of his Sister *Tamar*. *David* spied Her from the *Roofe* of his *House*; *Mulier longe, Libido prope*: Adulterers have *Eagles Eyes*, they can discern their *Preya* far off; and so *keen* are *Cupids Darts*, that they can wound at as great a distance; especially where *lust* hath surpris'd the *Soul*, and demolish'd the *Bulwarkes* of a *Chast* and *Continent Mind*. *Homer* was the *Phœnix* of his age, who was called blinde, (as one will have it) not because he wanted his *Natural* light, but because he was never found guilty of a *Lustful Eye*. How few *Christians* can behold this *Sun* in its *Resplendent Beauty*, and yet their *Eyes* not water? It was a witty *Saying* of *Alexander the Great*, that the *Women* of *Persia* made *Mens Eyes* sore to behold them; therefore he would not suffer *Darius* his *Wife*, who was admired for her *Beauty*, to come into his presence. *Araßus* having commended the Beauty of *Panthea* to *Cyrus*, by how much the
more

more Beautiful, by so much the more unwilling was he to admit Her into his Presence. *John the Hermite* saw not a Woman in the space of forty years: *Mark* shut his Eyes, when he saluted his own Mother. *St. Augustine* (as *Gregory* reports) would not live in the House with his own Sister. The Eye that is Over-Curious may as well be ensnared at Home as Abroad. *Xerxes*, that was Famous for his warlike Enterprises, whose love six fair and famous Virgins could not obtain, by a lascivious Aspect of his own Son's Wife was drawn to the satisfying of his impure Lust. Love lives by that which first bred it; by the same Coales it was first kindled, by the same it is renew'd. Love knows but one Father, for its Being, and one Mother for Continuance; and both these are One, and that One the Eye. The Life of love is Seeing. *Isamenes* after he had been long absent from his Mistress, upon the first sight of Her, profess'd that like New Straw he burnt afresh, more then ever he did before. The Eye is loves Leadstone. Well may the one Eye move, when the Other draws; One Eye attracts the other. Hence it is, that the Fenns
of

of so many Poets run so fluently in Com-
 mendation of their *Mistresses Eyes*, *Philo-*
stratus in his 52 Epist. thus Courts his
Mistress, *Oculos equidem tuos Amo; I love*
thy very Eyes. *Moschus* in *prato spi-*
ritualis, tells us of a *Young Man*, who being
 captivated with the *Eyes* of a *fair Lady*,
 would alwayes at his *Visits* break forth
 into these Expressions, *Thy Eyes; Thy*
Eyes! to Cure him, She pluck'd them
 out, and sent them him for a *Token*; at
 the sight of which he Died. Behold the
 sad effects of *Immoderate Love*, She lost
 her *Eyes*, and He his *Life*: But in some
 sence her *Condition* was much bettered;
 for happy is the loss of the *Eye*, when
 thereby the keeping of *Grace* is Endan-
 gered. *O beati Caci, ad quos Amor nec*
Aditum, nec Accessum habet!

In

In Praise of BLINDNESS.

ALL *Blind Men* are either so *born*, or so *made*: the latter are the greatest *Losers*. For a man cannot well lose that he ne're had. And though they may claim a *Share* in the Company of *Losers*, as wanting what they *Should have*, yet that *Title* will not hold. *Adam's* sin changed *Debitum* in *Gratiam*; so that what before we might have *Modestly* demanded, now we must *Thankfully* accept, and the want thereof *Patiently* endure. That *Obligation* will be of no effect to the Son, the *Condition* whereof his *Father* forfeited. *Adam* by an *Overcurious* looking upon the forbidden fruit, forfeited his *Eyes* in *Paradise*, and ever since *Man*, by the providence of *God*, is most *Defective* in that *Member*, whereby *Grace* first received a *general Relapse*. And though he that is *Born blind*, through the seeming miseries he endures, is ready to over-
value

value the benefit of the *Eye*, yet He, that after his long enjoyment of it, is by Providence made *Blind*, is best able to Judge of both. *Tiresias* the *Prophet* seems by his Expression to rejoyce at the Exchange, who when he was deprived of the light of his *Eyes*, put of that *Loss* onely with this: *That the Gods had turn'd all his Light inward*, When the *Sun* is taking his *Farewell* of the *Earth*, then misty *Vapours* make their Appearance; but upon the Setting of the *Eye*, presently succeeds the *Resurrection* of the *Mind*. *Democritus* pluck'd out his *Eyes*, that he might see the *Clearer*. And it is the *Observation* of *One*, that *St. Pauls* blindness in the *Eyes* of his *Sense*, and the opening of the *Eyes* of his *Understanding* hapned both in a manner at the same *Instant*. Indeed there is no *Commodity* but hath its *Discommodity*: And though the *Eye* be *Superiour* to the rest of the *Senses*, yet it harbours *Many*, and those *injurious Attendants*. One object represented to the *Eye*, can raise *Innumerable Storms* to vex, and disquiet the *Mind*; whereas the *Eye* the *Dore* of *Ennui* being shut up, that *Stock* of *Trouble* will quickly fail for want of a con-

timed Supply. I pity all *blind Men*, but
 Them most that have been by some
Casualty made so; for *Miserum est*
fuisse Fœlicem. It is a Misery to have been
 Happy. But let me bespeak you *Borb*. I
 come not, as *Jobs Friends*, to upbraid you
 with your *Losses*, but to comfort you, in
 the sense of *I bem*. Can *Company* alleviate
 your *Miseries*? I wish it could: For the
 Most of those that are *Defective* in their
Natures, are for *Ten*. There were more
Blind in *Christs Time*, and so also there
 is in *Ours*, then either *Deaf*, *Dumb*,
 or *Lame*. One reason will serve for both:
 Nor because *They* or their *Parents* were
 the *Greater Sinners*, but chiefly that the
Workes of God might be made *Manifest*.
 I mention this the rather, because the
Men of this *World* have hard and severe
Thoughts for those that *suffer*, though
 they themselves are the *Cause* thereof.
 But if the *Multitude* of *Associates*
 cannot lenise the *Sharpness* of your suf-
 fering, yet let the *Greatness* and *Goodness*
 of the *Sufferers*. There have been *Em-*
perours and *Kings*, *Priests* and *Prophets*,
Divines and *Lawyers*, *Historians* and *Ma-*
thematicians that have been *Blind*, and
 some

some of each of these *Degrees* have been *Eminently Virtuous*. I shall say no more of *Venerable Bode*, but that he was *Blind*; let his *Works* speak the rest. *Didymus*, though *blinde* from the fifth year of his Age, yet arrived to such Perfection as well in *Mathematical* as *Theological Learning*, that he was made *Doctor* of the Chair in *Alexandria*. *John Egyptius* was born *blinde*, yet could repeat every *Verse* throughout the *Sible*. *Dr. Waucop*, though born *blinde*, yet giving himself to *Study*, was made *Doctor* of *Divinity* at *Paris*, afterward he was preferred to be *Archbishop* of *Armagh*, and last of all, created *Legatus à latere*, by *Julius* the third. It is confest that *Blind Men* see not the *Inventions*, which, through every Age, *Art* and *Industry* hath produc'd. What need they? when as by the strength of their *Fancy*, upon the Description of them, they can shape the same into such lively *Ideas*, that they shall be represented as *visible* to the *Eye* of their *Mind*, as the others are to the *Eyes* of our *Body*. Now, to cast the Scales on the *Blind man's* side; *Eusebius* makes mention of an *Unparallel'd Art*, found out by a *Blind man*,

of both which, at one time, the *Water* did deprive the *Land*, Thou seest not the *Fields* adorn'd with *Various* Colours, thou seest not the *Shadowed* Bowers, *Stately* Edifices, *Magnificent* Monuments, *Christal* Rivers. These some might, and yet would not *Vouchsafe* them the *Beholding*. *Sarah* the *Hermitefs* in the space of sixty years would not behold a *pleasant* River upon the Brink whereof she had her Residence, *Silvanns* blind-folded his *Eyes*, when he water'd those *Pleasant* *Fruits* which his Hands had planted. And yet, to Ballance this, Thou seest not *Filthy* Kennels, *Dunghills* composed of *Dirt*, and Loathsome *Excrements*, *Ugly* *mishapen* Monsters, and the *Countenance* of Man, wherein *Petrarch* placed the greatest *Unhappiness* of a *Blind* man. Yet that may either through Defect of *Nature*, or some *Cankrous* or *Evil* *Disease* become so *Loathsome*, as it may turn ones *Stomack* to behold it. We lead not *Blind* *Aden* to the *Wars*; the want of the *Eye* being a *Sanctuary* to their *Bodies*, whilst others are dayly exposed to *barbarous* Attempts. *Blind* men see not the sad *Effects* of cruel *Wars*;

Peirce

Pierced Bodies, broken Heads, dis-joynted Members, divided Skulls, Brains beaten out of their own *Elements*, dead Corps swimming in Blood, and afterwards *Examb'd* in the Bellies of Devouring Beasts. A Sight fit onely for some *Hard-hearted Chirurgion* to behold: Thou seest not others, nor thine own *Misery*. When the *Vandals* marched into *Africa*, *St. Augustine* requested of God that he would either give him *Patience* to Endure, or take him out of this Life, that he might not see the approaching *Miseries*. *Ignatius Loyola* protested He had rather not see, then see the Church, and People of God swallowed up in *Misery*. That, that was *St. Augustine* wish, and *Ignatius* his choice, shall be thy Happiness to Enjay. While others pray, and go without, Thou art provided aforehand. *Hec boni habet Caecitas, quod sua mala non vider.* It was an *Eucommium*, and a true one, which *Quintilian* gave of Blindness, That it neither sees its Own, nor Others *Misfortunes*. The Expectation of a *Misery* comes to more then the *Misery* its self. A sudden, and Unexpected Death is but half a Death. He dies *thrice*, that dies with *Deliberation*.

It is *Death* to see *Death* approaching. All *Malefactors* have one priviledge, to *Cover* their *Eyes*; but he hath two, that is first *Executed*. But few *Blind Men* come to this *Woeful End*.

Upon the E A R E, and the T O N G U E.

THE *Ears*, and the *Mouth* are the two *Dores* to the little *Capitoll*; the one of *Ingress*, the other of *Egress*; but yet not directly *Opposite*, lest Matters should run through without serious *Examination*. The *Ear* it is the *Mind's* *Intelligencer*, and what the *Mind* receives, it refers to the *Understanding*, for *Examination*. *Understanding* turns it over to the *Judgement*, for *Approbation*; *Judgment* to the *Will* for *Toleration*; and now, it being licenc'd, the *Tongue* divulges it *Common Privilegiu*. Indeed the *Ears*, and the *Tongue* are near akin, onely the *Ears* is the *Elder Brother*. For *That* must first hear the *Question* ask'd, before the *Tongue*

can

can echo the *Responsive*; and yet but one *Tongue* to two *Ears*; to teach us that we should *Hear* rather more, then *Speak*. Me thinks when I consider the *Situation* of the *Tongue*, betwixt two *Ears*, it looks likes a *Spoon* betwixt two *Pipes*, and shews us the *Prodigality* of our *Tongue*, that must have two *Ears* to furnish it with matter. The *Eare* hath a large *Porch*, but a narrow *Entrance*; *Hear* we may more than we must *Entertain*. We must suffer no *Lame* nor *Imperfect* Discourses to enter: Nor any *Blind Stories*, that can find no *Father* to own them; Much less any rotten *Communication*, for that smells too strong of the *Rotten Disease*; lest by *Entertaining* of these, thou appear to others to turn thy *Head* into an *Hospital*. It cannot be deny'd, but these and many other *putrid Discourses* will lie *Perdu*, that with the first opportunity they may steal into the *Mind*; but if but *One* gets it, presently cast it out, lest like a *little Thief* in an *House*, it opens the *door* to all the rest. And now as the *Eare* hears, you may conclude that the *Tongue* will speak. The *Mind* and the *Heart* are the *Upper*

and *lower House* of Parliament, & the *Tongue* is the *Speaker* for both: Out of the *Abundance* of the One, and *Super abundance* of the Other, by the help of the *Tongue*, you may Understand the *Sense* of either. And now (O vain man!) Study to forget all thy *Vnsavory* Speeches, and thy *Filthy* Discourses. These are the *Language* of the *Beast*: A *Language* that will make thee fit for the *Converse* of none but *Misers*, *Lazars*, or *Lechers*. Prithee be perswaded to learn the *Language* of *Canaan*: and take this Course. It is the *Observation* of some, that if an *English* man, or any other Travell into a *Country*, where he shall find none of his own *Nation* to converse with, that in length of time, by using of other *Languages*, he will in a manner forget his *Own*. Be then (O vain man!) perswaded to get out of *Sodom*, if it be but as far as *Beer*. Get him into *Lot's* Family; perhaps that may prove (as *St. Augustine* speaking of another) a *School* of *Industion*, where thou mayest learn a far better *Language*: a *Language* that will carry thee to *Heaven*, with which thou mayest *Converse* with *Saints* and *Angels* for evermore.

Upon the Nose.

THe Nose, (I mean a complete One) is an *Index* of *Honesty*; but this doth not hinder but a man may be *Honest* that never had One. But of all Noses a *Flat* one is most *Suspicious*; and *Pierius* in his *Hieroglyphicks* makes it to be a sign of a *Lascivious*, and *Wanton Mind*. When it was objected to *Socrates*, that he had such a *Nose*, his Answer was, that by *Continence* he had cured that *Vice*; which his *Face* did pretend his *Nature* to be infected withal. But in point of *Honesty*, it is far better to have a *Flat* one, then *Nose* at all. For the one can but declare an *Inclination* to that *Sin*, which by the contrary *Virtue* may be suppress: but the other, the *Actual Commission* of it, for which the *Offender* sometimes stands Engaged in the *Forfeiture* of his *Nose*.

Non civis datum est habere Nasum.

*Fortune hath not granted Those
To have the Honour of a Nose.*

A *Man* is a *Man*, if he have but a *Nose* on's *Face*; but he is *None* that wants *One*. He that wants his *Eyes*, is a *Blind-Man*; and he that wants a *Limb*, is a *Lame-Man*: but he is *No-man*, that wants his *Nose*. He is *no Man* for this *World*, for every one avoids him; and the very *Reliques* of his *Nose* serve but to make a *Bridge* of, for nobody will *Pledge* him. But this is onely of the *Nose* as it is *Subject* in *Physiognomy*. Now I shall look upon it, as it is useful to the *Body*. I have read of a certain *People*, that live onely upon the *Smell* of *Flowers*. He was an *Unreasonable Cook*, that because a poor man satisfied his *Hunger* with the *smell* of his *Meat*, would therefore be paid for his *Dinner*. Poor *Lazarillo's* Master certainly had a good *Nose*, when he smelt the *Sausage*, and I'll avow him to have had a *rare Nose* indeed; could he but have smelt the *Pot*; but He too hastily kissing that, so spoild that *sense* for the future, that he could never after make a *Meal* on't. The *Nose* is the *Issue* to the *Brain*, the *Pump* to the *Head*, to carry away the *Filth* thereof. But *Me* thinks this discourse *smells strong*; I know
not

not how it may offend the Reader. Therefore I shall take my leave of it, onely with this *Memento* to All, That their is no *Remedy* for a *lost Nose*.

Upon the BODY.

THE *Body* is a well Composed piece of *Clay*; the *Fairest* is no better, the most *deform'd* can be no worse; for *Dust we are all, and to dust we must return*. The *Fairest Bodies* sometimes are Endued with the *Foulest Vices*; the *Deform'dst* with the most *Excellent Virtues*; let not therefore the One *despise*, or the Other *envy*, seeing they are *Both* according to the *Creators* pleasure. The *Basest* creatures, as *Flies*, *Fleas*, and such like, are generated out of the *Dust*. Here then (O man!) behold thy *kindred*, in regard of the *Author* of Creation: Onely the *Uprightness* of thy *Body*, the *Majesty* of thy *Countenance*, the *Variety* of *Features*, the *Symmetry* of *Parts*, all these do speak thy *Makers* Honour. The *Body* is the *Largest Spender*, but the *least Giver*. Hence

it is that so many *Vocations* grow rich by the *Body*, when one can hardly live by the *Soul*, the more's the pity, that the best *Calling* should find the worst *Living*. The *Body* is a *Burying Place*, and we make so many dainty *Funerals* of dead *Creatures*, that sometimes we vomit up One, to give another *Lodging*. Who is able to bring in a *Weekly Bill* of this *Mortality*? Who can count the *Numbers* of dead *Bodies*, buried weekly in these *Living Sepulchers*. Behold (*O man*) a *Miracle*, every day *These Graves* open, and will, until one *Grave* hath swallowed up another, and *Earth*, the *Mother*, hath devoured *Dust*, the *Daughter*. Array this *Body* in *sumptuous Apparel*, admit it a *Throne* of *Gold*, and a *Crown* of *Diamonds*, set it out the best manner you can, yet it is but a *Foul Carcasse* covered over with *Fine Clothes*; at the best, but a *Fair* piece of *Clay*. Well may the *Building* be rotten when as the *Foundation* is out of the *Dust*, and being so, it would fall of its self; onely to dispatch it the sooner, several *Casualties* do attend it, as *Burning*, *Drowning*, *Falling*, *Wounding*, and many more: but (*good God!*) to how many *Diseases* is it sub-

jest? *More Diseases then an Horse.* Galen reckons up a hundred and twelve Diseases Incident to the *Eye* alone. *More diseases Now* then in *Former times*, every year producing a *New* disease; and so long as this *Old Vice* of *Intemperance* is existent, the World shall not want for *New Diseases*. The *Dog* when he is sick, betakes himself to his *Herbs*; The *Lion* cures himself by eating of an *Ape*: But *Man* must have *Druggs* fetch'd from the *remotest Lands*, the *Virtues* extracted out of *Stones*, *Herbs*, *Plants*, and all to lengthen *Misery*. He is *Ingag'd* to one *Creature* for his *Horn*, to an other for his *Blood*, to a third for his *Teeth*, to a fourth for his *Excrements*. Man by sin hath turned all his *Interest* in the *Creature* into *Obligation*. Some *Creatures* serve to *Feed* him, others to *Cloth* him, and All to *Preserve* him. The whole *Creation* is his *Servant*, yet very few there are that serve the *Creator*. When all is done, comes a *Disease* that will admit no *Remedy*, and die he must. Other *Creatures* are serviceable in their *lives*, and at their *deaths*; but the *Body* of *Man* *Living*, is but good for little, and being *Dead*, it is good for nothing;

nothing; within four dayes it *stinks*; and no *Carriou* thinks worse. Sometimes it becomes *Meat* for the *Fowls* of the Air, sometimes for the *Fish* in the *Sea*; when it comes to the *Highest*, it becomes but *Meat* for *Wormes*. Trample not then (O man) upon the *Meaneſt* creature: We all come from one *Stock*, the *Duſt* was our *Father*, *Putrefaction* was our *Mother*, only thou art the *Elder Brother*. O *Luxurious* man! whom by the outward *Appearance*, I can judge to be no other than a *Turkiſh Saint*, when as thou liveſt in all manner of *Sensuality*, as if thou hadſt already received thy *Reward*; a *Sensual Paradise*, who canſt thou imagine, will reap the *Benefit* of all thy *Exceſſ*? Only the *Wormes*; Whoever may be the *Executors* for thy *Eſtate*, They will be the *Executors* for thy *Body*. But there is one *Worm* worſe than all theſe, and that is the *Worm* of *Conſcience*, and *She* will be the *Executioner* of thy *Soul*; the more thou *Feed'ſt* her, for the preſent, the leſſ thou *Feel'ſt* her. *Nature* is contented with a little, but this *Worm* is *Unſatiable*. Thou nouriſheſt a *Viper* that will *Sting* thee, a *Vultur* that will gnaw thee

thee to Eternity. She sucks the sweetness of thy sinning, but Thou shalt one day feel the bitterness of her Tormenting. Lord, what ever thou dost with us in regard of the *Other Wormes*, yet from this *Worm of Conscience*. Good Lord deliver us, Amen.

Upon the BODY,
as it is the
PRISON of the SOUL.

A Prison is a place of Restraint; no Prison of so strait a Compass as the prison of the Body. When the Soul upon the wings of Humility, and Love, would soar up to Heaven, in divine and heavenly Ejaculations, this Flesh like a Clogg restrains and hinders its Ascention. *Tu pennas Contemplationis sumens hac Mundana transcendis, Me vero Glutinum terrenae habitationis adeo in viscavit, quod volare non possum;* Was the Complaint of Pet. Blesensis in an Epistle to a private Friend,

Friend. *Campanus* reports of *Cardinal Balar*, that he invented a *Prison* but eight feet in breadth, and five in height, which by its *Form* looks like our little *Ease*. Such a *Prison* is the *Body*, nay worse, it is *carcerum Animæ*, the *Dungeon* of the *Soul*. It is like *Jeremiab's Dungeon* both for *Dirt* and *Darkness*. *Greg. Nissen* in a *Funeral Oration* calls the *Body* *terris ubi officina*; and in another, *limi & fecis quoddam sedimentum*. The *Manichæi*, though *Erroneous* enough in other matters, were yet *Right* in this, when they styl'd the *Body* *Sarcorum domus*. Modesty forbids me to make these speak *English*; you cannot imagine the *Body* to be worse then They thought it. Well then may the *Soul* putrify, when it is wrapt up in a *Circle* of *Corruption*; and no wonder it so earnestly desires to change its *Lodging*, when it is almost suffocated with such noysome *Sents*. Lord bring my *Soul* out of *Prison*, prays *Holy David*, and his reason was, that it might praise his *Name*. The *Soul*, while it is in *Prison*, can but onely beg and pray, but for Praiseing God, then may it truly be said to do it, after its deliverance. The converted

erring Soul knows and feels the Body to be
 a Prison; and so, by all fair means, seeks
 a Release; but will patiently wait
 till Death, that *Mercy-miser of Mankind*,
 give it its enlargement. There is no *Wise*
Man (said *Hyacinth*) but would gladly
 be free'd out of the *Dirty Prison* of the
 Body; but yet he will not break open the
 Prison door. And if the Body be a Prison
 to the converted, then sure to the Soul
 that is given over to a *Reprobate* state, is
 cannot be less than a *Grave*; and such a
 Grave, as will admit of no Return. Where
 it lie'd, there it lie'd; and where it lie'd,
 there it is in *Security* buried. The greater
 part of the World is made up of *walking*
Spirits: Would to God they could give
 us into an *Assurance*.

I

Upon

Upon the State
of

W^Hile we All from our birth, either
 a Merchant, or Seaman (God send
 us good Voyages) *Adm.* is the Merchant;
 the chief *Adm.* is the Ship; the *Body*
 is the Ship, bound for one of those two
 places, Heaven or Hell. Let this Ship be
 govern'd with Humility; let *Virtue* be
 the *Compass* for Humility. *Virtue* is the *Compass*
 that guides us for forward with Humility, said
 Confucius. Let her *Sails* be Form'd of
 Love; let her *Mast* be made up of Faith;
 let her *Sails* be Prayer; let her *Anchor* be
 Hope; let her *Ballast* be a godly Fear;
 let her *Tarrier* be some Saint, or Martyr;
 let her *Name* be Perseverance. And be-
 ing made, behold her toss'd with various
 Tempests. The World is a floating Island,
 it will be no Policy, to bed Her there,
 where the *Land* may swim away with the
 Ship. Shall we then put a *Shore*? No;
 Thence comes these Stormes. Let us
 then

led by Death, and the Judgment which
every *Unbeliever* shall receive, being
Torment, which shall owe to Death for
our *Unbelief*. They then are committed
into the Hands of the *Grave*, until the
Interposition of a general *Resurrection*. But
you shall immediately return to God that
you shall, to receive the *Pledge* for a
Future Resurrection. But it will be far
otherwise in respect of the *Wicked*. Sad
will be the *Parting*, but more *Servent-ful*
the *Parting* of these *own Old Friends*,
or rather *Parting* in *Separation*, *Soul* and
Body. Farewell *Soul* (with the *Body*) and
Eternity. *Alas*, I may'd *Thou*,
thou *Life*, and as long as there is
Life, there is *Hope*. Farewell *Body*, (fare
thee well) I am now going to take *Pos-
session* of that which we both have *Pro-
mised*, by our *Experiment* of the *Soul*,
left to by our *Father Adam*. I go before,
and *Thou* must follow after. The *Body*,
that *dies to live*, and the *Soul*, that *lives
to die*. And both these, are but *instruments*,
or rather a *Test* of that *Ever-living Death*,
and *Never-dying Life*, which both *Soul*
and *Body* shall suffer in *Eternal Torments*.

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